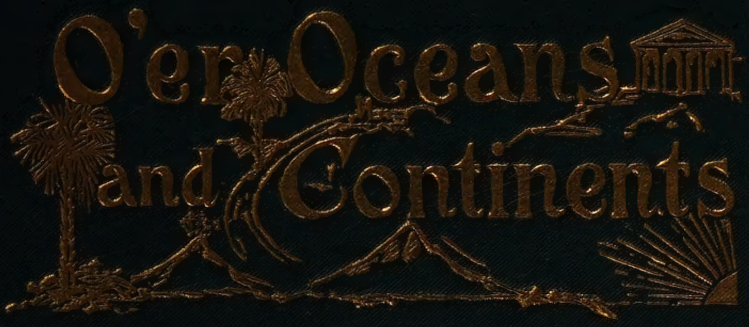
O'er Oceans
and Continents

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FISCAR MARISON

O'er Oceans and Continents
WITH THE SETTING SUN

BY

FISCAR MARISON

(Rev. George J. Blatter,
Cath. Priest in Chicago.)

Out

FIRST SERIES

CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS,
JAPAN, CHINA, THE PHILIPPINES.

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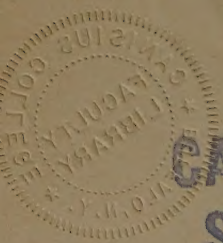

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To my Friends and Kind Acquaintances, who
Urged its Publication, this Book is Respectfully Dedicated.
The Author

CHICAGO, MARCH, 1903.

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INTRODUCTION

TO THE SECOND EDITION

The journey, which is traced in these pages, was undertaken under peculiar circumstances and with an ulterior object. The narrative is founded entirely upon facts recorded en route. In its general bearing it will no doubt be found to differ materially from ordinary records of travel.

The second edition is published, not only because the first has met a very favorable reception, but for the purpose of further advancing the publication of the English translation of the Spanish "Ciudad de Dios," one of the most remarkable books in any language.

In the hope that this book of travel will gain friends both for the author and his English translation of Mary of Agreda's "Ciudad de Dios,"

Respectfully,

FISCAR MARISON

March, 1908.

THE INVITATION

'Tis proof of man's dominion
O'er all in mortal ken,
That he should long to see the haunts
Of distant fellow-men.

Therefore, sweet friend, come haste with me
To board the waiting train:
Linked to the snorting iron horse
We'll scour the western plain.

And farther still, o'er ocean wave,
And continents we'll roam:
Like spirits reft of body's weight
We'll make the world our home.

THE DEPARTURE

Hark! "All aboard!"—our train is now gliding
Out of the station, o'er meshes of siding,
On to the main track,
Gaining in speed;
Over the bridges,
Past lights of street,
Thundering through darkness, devouring its course
Through the great city on Michigan's shores.

Avaunt ye, O night-brooding silence and darkness,
Yield to the glare of the headlight's advances;
To piston-stroke
O'er gleaming rail,
Neath belching smoke
On sinuous trail,
Westward on snow-pallèd hillside and plain
Westward, ho! westward we speed on our train.

Through Illinois to the Father of Waters,
Rumbling past Iowa's corn-laden granaries;
Just tarrying enough
(One wee little hour)
On Omaha's bluff,
Then onward we scour
With wings of the winds, o'er the plains of the west,
Where roamed the wild buffalo in days of the past.

Climbing the foothills, then scaling the mountains
To Sierra Nevada's snow-shimmering regions;
O'erleaping divides
Of sage-grown Utah,
Past flood-markèd hillsides
Of dreary Nevada;
Whence raging, the Truckee tears down in its course
To ocean-belappèd Californian shores.

Down from the snowfields and blizzards of winter,

Into the bosom of springtime we enter.
Verdant the valleys,
Balmy the air,
Birds singing sweetly,
Life everywhere.
The ocean is gilded by Sun's parting ray
As we hail San Francisco on Golden Gate bay.

CHAPTER I.

THE NORTHWESTERN FLYER.—WHIRLED OVER THE WESTERN PRAIRIES.—THE ROCKY DIVIDE.—DROPPED FROM THE SNOW OF WINTER INTO THE BEAUTIES OF SPRING.—AT THE GOLDEN GATE.—CHINATOWN'S DENS AND DIVES.—ALL ABOARD AND OUT TO SEA.

Here we are, kind reader, hurrying through the thronging crowds of passengers in the Northwestern Depot of Chicago ready to start on our journey westwards. Let us board one of these palace sleeping cars, take possession of the palatial berth already pointed out to us and compose ourselves in perfect leisure in the cushioned seats; for with the gliding hours of night we shall traverse the vast regions of the continent. Even now we hear the halting puff of our engine, we feel a gently accelerated motion and we are started on our breathless whirl to the Pacific Ocean. Like a vast serpent the locomotive and its train of coaches rumble into action, and, gaining headway, they wind through the lighted city, past its limits, into the wintry landscape, where the faintly gleaming snow supports the brooding darkness. Far into the gloomy night shoots the glare of the headlight,

searching out the winding rails ahead and cutting a passage through the darkness for our snorting monster. Hundreds of living souls are linked to its resistless course, as it sweeps with the noiseless coaches over gentle slope and valley, through towns and villages, to the banks of the Mississippi, ever widening, with each nocturnal hour, the distance between itself and the great city on the lake. And when the golden rays of the morning sun again have chased the gloom of night, our train has already measured the breadth of the great State of Illinois, cleared at a bound the currents of the Mississippi, crossed Iowa, and is now rumbling high over the muddy waters of the Missouri into the City of Omaha.

Our train had been somewhat delayed by hot boxes, but once out of Omaha, it again whirled along, over the western prairies at an accelerated speed. Not any more as it used to be some 25 years ago, when the journey to California consumed a week. Very often in those times a number of travelers would make up a party for such a trip. Each would engage to bring his share of the provisions, liquid and otherwise, sufficient for the week and thus make the party independent of the primitive restaurants on the way, securing an enjoyable time together. But this good fellowship and conviviality are of the past. One scarcely

makes a superficial acquaintance with one or the other traveler, before the end of the journey makes a parting necessary.

On our fleeting course over the plains of Nebraska the shallow bottoms of the Platte river often stretched like a sandy desert parallel to the left side of the railroad. Towards noon, after we had passed Buffalo Bill's great ranch, the country seemed to be but thinly settled. What immense prairies lie spread out between the waters of the Mississippi and the base of the Rockies and how they have changed in comparatively few years! I remember well these same prairies some thirty years ago, unsettled for hundreds of miles, but enlivened by vast herds of buffaloes roaming over the grassy plains. The train that carried us from Denver in 1872 was actually brought to a long stop by the passing of an immense herd of these animals, and rifles were busily plied in killing any number of them for mere sport. No wonder the buffalo is extinct.

I invited a Japanese gentleman, who seemed at a loss to find a place in the well filled car, to take a seat beside me, and I was glad I had shown him the kindness. His carte de visite showed the name of K. Ishii, Hongo Kiu, Kin suke Chio, Tokio, Japan, and he told me that he was on a tour of inspection for his government. This I afterwards found to be true, when I hunted up his uncle in

Tokio. He confessed himself a Buddhist, but was anxious to know more about the Christian religion, in which I was only too glad to be of service to him during the rest of our long journey. I made also the acquaintance of a certain Rev. Cossum, a Protestant missionary, who, with his wife and three children, was on his way to China to spread the light of the gospel among the heathens; but of him more, later on at sea, where he contributed his small mite toward varying the monotony of steamboat life.

The next day, having passed Cheyenne during the night, we were climbing the mountains. At Castle Rock, Utah, an immense square boulder lowers down upon the town from a neighboring mountaintop like a vast fortification built in the clouds. Soon afterwards we were rolling over the desert mountain-plateau of northern Utah and Nevada. Sinister and barren mountain formations, looming through the fog, rose like half-formed monsters from the wastes of sandy soil, as if they had been washed there by pristine floods. Nothing grows here except sparse sage bushes and parched bunches of grass. The country is practically uninhabited. There was little change of scenery during that day. A railroad trip through these regions certainly is apt to impress the mind with the fact, that these western states are indeed

vast domains, not so quickly traversed even by speeding railroad trains.

The next morning found us in the Sierra Nevada range, along the Truckee river. About noon we came suddenly upon a small town in the midst of an immense basin surrounded by pineclad mountains. Brightly the pure white of the snow on the mountain-declivities contrasted with the deep green of the pine forests in the valleys and on the slopes. We climbed the Sierra until we reached the altitude of 8,000 feet. At Alta a geyser could be seen shooting up a powerful stream of water from a deep valley, high over the tall pines that studded intervening hills. Leaving the town of Truckee we came upon the great snowshed, over 40 miles long and covering the tracks 20 miles on each side of the divide. As the train thundered through the dark curvings of the sheds, the beautiful mountain scenery could be traced through the cracks between the blackened boards, like moving pictures seen through the slits of a kinetoscope, while every now and then a wider opening between the dark sheds afforded a more comprehensive view. On the other side, in its gradual descent, the train for a while literally hung over the deep abyss of a valley, while round about, snowy mountaintops reared their heads into the clouds. Descending still farther down the Pacific

slope, the country began to present the appearance of spring. Everywhere the fields had been prepared and the newly sown seeds were beginning to sprout. Here and there many-colored blossoms reflected the glad sunlight and the trees spread out their verdure. From the snow and ice of winter we had in a few hours dropped into the beauties of spring. Who knows, but a blizzard might be raging at this moment behind the mountains, which we had just passed?

Unfortunately our train was much delayed by wash-outs caused by the recent rains. On this account we arrived in Sacramento at dusk and darkness hid much of the beauties of the Sacramento valley beyond. A few hours later the smell of salt water heralded our approach to the Pacific coast. It was 11 o'clock before the ferry-boat had brought us across the arm of the sea to the great ferry station in San Francisco. I lodged over night in the annex of the Palace Hotel, the largest in the city.

Next morning I went to the Franciscan church to celebrate mass and there met Father Maximilian O.S.F., an old acquaintance. An hour later I had the pleasure of meeting the five gentlemen, who, according to a previous arrangement, were to be my companions on the journey westward. They were greatly surprised, that I should

have been able to accept the invitation and arrive in time to begin the ocean trip with them. Together we attended to the necessary arrangements for our departure on the Gaelic on Saturday, Jan. 6. We still had a few days at our disposal to take a closer look at San Francisco and its interesting sights.

Our business calls took us past the United States mint, the largest in the country. Here an old soldier, with droll importance of manner, showed us and a party of other visitors the place. There are several vaults, carefully sealed up and containing $25,000,000 in silver dollars. Most interesting is the process of turning gold bullion into shining coin. The gold is melted into ingots large enough to be rolled into strips five feet long, as thick and as wide as the coins, into which it is to be stamped. These are run through the stamping machines, that will coin half a million dollars worth of eagles in an hour. In another room silver half-dollars were being stamped out in a continual stream. A young man was standing at the trough, into which they poured, arranging them into rolls in the palm of his hand with clock-like precision. He would grab the rolls thus formed between his thumb and forefinger, count them by one glance at the size of each roll, and throw them aside clinking into a large box.

The residence portion of San Francisco overlooks the business section and the waters of the Golden Gate: certainly a beautiful panorama. Many very fine residences are built of wood on account of the prevalence of earthquakes, as I was told; but that reason seems to me to be somewhat strained. They are elegant and tasteful to a high degree. Although we had made up our minds to see Chinatown that night in the company of some friendly guides, I and one of my friends spent a few hours there in the afternoon. To us, at this stage of our journey, it seemed a new and strange kind of world. Filth and dirt and the fumes of opium were noticeable on all sides. The streets are but narrow alleys, lined on both sides with tumble-down shanties, houses of bad repute, opium dens, shops with all kinds of Chinese trumperies. The smell of roasting meat, dried specimens of the finny tribe stretched on pegs, and all sorts of other dainties for the Chinese stomach, filled the air. Numerous curio and junkshops, and other resorts still more distinctly belonging to the Chinese trade, were squeezed in between the eating houses, opium joints or more pretentious and familiar establishments. Up and down these narrow streets wended a continual stream of pigtailed celestials in their nankeens, like a busy swarm of ants.

MOUNTAIN DESERT, NEVADA

The faces of the Chinese, for the most part, show the sallow complexion consequent upon the use of opium, or, may be, caused by other excesses. I have no doubt, that mostly the degraded classes of Chinamen seek the freedom of our western shores. Even they, undoubtedly, expect to return to their native China, in order to live there as lords on the thousand dollars, which they may have saved during their stay in this country. Now and then the form of some even more degraded white man, a victim of opium and vice, could be seen creeping through the crowd of celestials or issuing from some low dive.

The Chinese in San Francisco, though they cling to their customs and dress so as to make that portion of the city a Canton in miniature, are not slow to understand the advantage of knowing some English. The shopkeepers had no objection to our looking around in their dingy and narrow shops and tried to converse with us in English. The owner of a tailorshop immediately came forward with a dictionary, asking us the pronunciation of some words. It was amusing to hear him try to pronounce the word "return;" no matter how strongly we made the R reverberate in his celestial ear, his tongue could not produce a closer imitation to it than an L: rrreturrrn was lituln, for his ear and tongue, and nothing else. In another shop a

swarthy Asiatic showed us his mode of counting by the finger board; simple numbers of any size were added, multiplied and subtracted with lightning speed, but fractions were a complete failure with the machine.

On our way back to the hotel we entered what we thought to be a Catholic church. As we ascended the stairs, we heard a confused noise of many voices issuing from the open doors, but no sooner had we entered than it suddenly ceased. The auditorium was filled by a congregation entirely composed of men, but strange to say all eyes were turned on us. A man rushed from the middle aisle, stopping our farther progress and making some request, which I finally understood to be, that I should replace my hat. After some hesitation, and noticing that all the men were also wearing their hats, I complied and at once the spell was broken. The confused mingling of voices was resumed. We had dropped into the midst of an orthodox Jewish congregation. Each man was reading aloud from a book without any regard for his neighbor. After some time the rabbi handed a gilt cup to one of the men in the front part of the synagogue, and that seemed to end the service. Going out the usher explained, that all are required to wear their hats in their temple, since they believe that God is present no more in a synagogue built

by the hands of man, than under the canopy of heaven. Hence, why remove the hat on entering? Quite a valid reason for a Jewish synagogue, but worthless in regard to a Catholic church at least.

Through the kindness of the Paulist fathers we secured Mr. Boland and another gentleman, both of whom were connected with the detective force of San Francisco, as our guides through the Chinese quarters that same evening. We first dived through some dark alleys and arrived in front of what was ironically called "Palace hotel." It might easily have served as a hotel at some time in the past, for it is a large six-story building, almost falling to pieces and rising like a giant over the small shacks of surrounding shops. After descending through a dark passage, we came into an open courtyard, surrounded on its four sides by the grim rear walls of the different wings of the building. The darkness was faintly dispelled by a flickering wood fire in the middle of the yard. A Chinese was standing near it, holding a charred piece of meat, which might have been that of a rat, over the flames. His face seemed to wear a satisfied grin at the prospects of enjoying his dainty titbit; but perhaps that impression was caused only by the fitful glare of the fire as it glanced to and fro on his rugged face. The gloom hid the rest of the court-yard and the surrounding walls, for not a light

shone from the windows or doors of the "Palace hotel." Yet our guides told us that all the six stories swarmed with Chinese, who preferred to sink into the stupor of their opium fumes in the quiet of darkness.

Only from the rear a dim light shone as from a dark cavern. We directed our steps towards it, ducking beneath a rickety stairs and low doorway. It was a small dingy room, more like a hole in the ground, where we could scarcely stand upright. Yet lying to the right and left in ragged bunks, could be seen indistinct forms, like human cormorants, stupified with the fumes of opium. Before us in the dim candle light squatted a Chinese, who seemed to be the keeper of this particular den. He was busy trying to light the opium pipe and his trembling hand succeeded only with difficulty in causing the tiny opium pellet to bubble up and emit its noisome fumes. A white cat drowsily turned its green eyes away from us, as it softly glided into its master's lap in order to share with him his pleasure. The opium is kept in tin capsules and looks like dark carpenter's glue. The Chinese extract a drop of it with a piece of wire and form a small pellet. A light is then applied, causing it to bubble and emit smoke, as it is inserted into the bowl of the pipe and consumed. The smoke is inhaled in the same way as Turks inhale tobacco

smoke, allowing it to fill the lungs. This causes a stupor, in which the imagination or lower faculties are excited. The use of reason, for the time being, is almost lost and a state of sensual pleasure is induced, similar to that of intoxication. As we issued forth from the building, an emaciated white man, who could scarcely creep, waylaid us in the main entrance, asking in whining tones for some money. In order to induce us to give more readily, he produced a small syringe, and inserting the sharp point into his bared arm, he forced morphine or cocaine into the bulging veins. It was a disgusting sight and he might as well have spared himself the trouble, so far as we were concerned.

Not far from the "Palace hotel" was a many-colored, three-story building, whence I had heard the sounds of revelry already in the afternoon. It seems the detectives had free admission everywhere in Chinatown, and we ascended up to the third story, where a notorious highbinder was giving a great feast. The extensive apartments were filled with riotous Chinamen, apparently more or less intoxicated. Some were dancing, some in groups drawling forth their maudlin songs, others gambling, and more were sitting at different tables eating and drinking. Pandemonium reigned in the well-lighted rooms, while a Chinese band kept up an incessant and monotonous jangle

of drums, tamtams, and other unmusical instruments to heighten the effect. The highbinders are a secret society for mutual defense, and for vengeance on those who become the object of the hatred of its members. A pair of highbinders' knives were shown to us. Both knives fit into one scabbard and are made for the right and for the left hand. The highbinder grasps one in each hand and hacks away at his victim from both sides. Many of the desperate Chinese carry these knives concealed about their person, though that is forbidden by the laws of the state under severe penalties.

We passed on to Murderers' alley, a notorious and dangerous looking passage between the grimy walls of low buildings, which afforded shelter for the orgies of the murderers, gamblers, thieves and bad women. A great part of this neighborhood had to be closed up by the police on account of the frequent crimes committed by its inmates. Around the corner is the joss-house, or heathen temple of the Chinese. It is full of trumpery and hideous idols pertaining to Chinese worship. Incense and sandalwood were burning before some of the images. The whole appearance of the place is hideous and bizarre in the extreme and gives evidence of the perversion of the Chinese mind in regard to religion. There were some bonzes or keepers, but their only object appears to be to

obtain fees from the visitors. There does not seem to be any real belief in the sacredness of the place. Laughing and joking about the hideous gods were freely indulged in by those present, without any remonstrance from the Chinese; nor were we required to remove our hats on entering the so-called temple.

Our guides introduced us also to one of the respectable families of Chinatown. A comparatively young woman was the grandmother of a numerous family. She seemed quite pleased with our visit and chatted freely with one of the detectives. The latter drew our attention to the smallness of her feet. They were not much larger, nor of much different shape, than those of a goat or sheep, so much had they been compressed in her youth. She was evidently proud of their small size, since that is a distinguishing mark of the Chinese beauties. The strange sights of Chinatown detained us till a late hour, which, perhaps, would not have been so safe without the trustworthy guides, that accompanied us.

Saturday, the sixth of January, was the day on which we were to embark on our voyage across the Pacific. We had already shipped our baggage aboard and made the necessary provisions in regard to tickets, berths and minor details early in the morning. The Steamer Gaelic, on which we

were to take passage, is one of the largest of the Oriental and Occidental S. S. Company. She was lying at her dock getting up steam, while throngs of people with and without business were crowding her decks and its approaches. Officials of the ship urging onward the men, who were storing the cargo; expressmen arriving with loads of trunks and valises, hundreds of Chinese carrying their baggage or loitering about in order to see acquaintances depart with their savings for their native land; well-dressed white passengers and their friends standing around or moving up and down over the different parts of the huge vessel; all this formed a scene full of bustling life and animation. The Gaelic was to leave at noon, but she was kept waiting for the mails until two o'clock. All the passengers had already gathered on her decks and several warnings had been sounded by the hoarse steamer whistle, before the great liner began to move slowly away from its swarming docks. V. H. it seems, was the favored one of our company of six, for some lady and gentlemen friends had brought him several bouquets of flowers and for a long time, as we moved steadily westwards, they could be seen standing in the bright sunlight on the wharf, waving their white handkerchiefs in prolonged farewell. But gradually the wharf and its gaudily dressed crowds of men

NEAR COLFAX, CAL.

and women grew smaller and smaller in the widening distance, and we were cut off from friends and homeland, rocking on the swelling billows of the great Pacific ocean.

Practical Hints. At the end of each chapter I shall try to give a few practical observations in regard to traveling, which may be useful for those who are interested in such matters.—Good companionship on an extended journey is no doubt very desirable. Yet on account of the differences of opinion, which are certain to arise, it will scarcely prove advisable to look for more than one or two congenial companions. Traveling with a large number under the leadership of a guide is not objectionable, when the trip is short. But there is always a certain conventionality or perfunctoriness, in that kind of travel, which will soon lessen the interest of a long journey. Tickets and routes should of course be determined upon beforehand, yet always in such a way as to include much freedom in regard to side trips and excursions. As soon as you buy a round-trip ticket you are bound by it and very often forced to omit the most interesting diversions on your route. Agencies are not very particular in disclosing any such disadvantages; they look to proceeds, not to your tastes and inclinations. The less baggage you can

get along with, the better. Gentlemen ought to be able to do well enough with one or two strong valises or handbags. It is better to rely on buying necessary articles of wear en route, than carry superfluous baggage of that kind. Those that need not retrench any expense, can of course have the best of accommodation everywhere on the highroads of travel. But I would not envy them the privilege very much. First class hotels are to be found in every large city in both hemispheres. But the very fact of their being first-class means, that in the main they are alike, and the experiences and the sights seen in them, as well as the people which one meets there, differ very little from what we are accustomed to at home. Why travel, when we can only go through the same round of experiences and associations as we are having at home? As a general rule, the more expensive the mode of travel, the less will be seen of the real life of the countries which we visit, and the less valuable will be the information gained. Nothing is more worthless than the traveling of the ordinary tourist on this very account. They lounge around in first-class hotels or in the soft seats of carriages, steamers and railroads, waste time in interminable meals or in languid conversations with people of their own class. All this they could do much more conveniently at home and, after the first few days,

they learn nothing new. To get the full benefit of travel it is necessary to stand little upon ceremony, converse with people of all stations of life, ride in all classes of conveyances, be ready for exertions of all kinds and often prefer the ordinary hostelries of the country to the first-class hotels. Such a course will to a great extent prevent ennui, which easily sets in after some weeks of continued travel.

CHAPTER II

MAL DE MER.—A LIGHT FOR THE REVELATION OF GENTILES. — INTERESTING COMPANY. — A TRIP TO THE PALI PASS IN HONOLULU.—AGAIN WESTWARD ON THE MONSTER WAVES.—INTO THE FACE OF A STORM. — A DAY BLOTTED OUT. — ROLLING AND TUMBLING ONWARD. — JAPAN IN SIGHT.

The city of San Francisco with its high buildings on the bluffs, the Presidio, the cliffs and the towering promontories of the Golden Gate soon passed in panoramic view and gradually disappeared, as the "Gaelic" glided on into the vast waters of the Pacific. Thousands of sea gulls followed the ship and some of them were our companions for many days. The Farellone Islands remained in sight long after the mighty swells of the Pacific had begun to make themselves felt.

Slowly but surely, like the forebodings of ill, seasickness spread about on board. Many had already retired to the privacy of their cabins to hide their misery, among them some of my companions. I had made up my mind to fight it from the very beginning by remaining on deck as much as possible and by seeking some kind of occupation.

On the second day my cabin-mate M. wanted to remain below, but yielded to my persistent request to fight it all out on deck. But following my advice he was troubled very little by the disease afterward.

He had become my room mate by mere accident. His baggage had been placed in my cabin by some mistake of the purser. Circumstances afterwards shaped things in such a way, that he became my companion during the whole journey around the globe until we again arrived in Chicago. He had almost lost his hearing two years before and now one of the objects of his trip was to consult the most noted specialist of Europe for the recovery of his hearing. As he seemed sociable, I gradually became accustomed to the effort of speaking very loud and I had some reason to hope, that he would be thankful for the inconvenience and sacrifices his infirmity and his inexperience occasioned on this long journey.

There were 78 cabin passengers, 122 of the crew, 39 Japanese and 249 Chinese on board. All of the second cabins were occupied by the Japanese, as no white passengers would think of taking anything less than first cabin on these boats. The Chinese were all steerage passengers and mostly occupied the lower deck. They were a motley crowd in their nankeens, and gambling all day.

When the weather was fine, numbers of them were squatting on their mats, with stacks of Mexican silver dollars in front of them, ready to cast dice with anyone. Their whole interest was centered on the game; crowds were standing around the players, some with woe-begone faces, having no doubt lost all their savings and even the clothes on their back. Some of the young white chaps, among the first-class passengers, notably an Englishman, took a hand in the games below and left many a silver dollar with his Chinese brethren. On the third day out, a huge wave struck the lower deck and washed the Chinese gamblers and their improvised gambling tables pellmell to one side of the deck.

It is a pleasure to stand at the railing or at the stern of the vessel and watch the play of the waters. How little is the individual, when his works are compared with this mighty emanation of the power of God! Men in our times are apt to brag about subjecting to their use the powers of nature. One of these chance waves, stirred by the breeze, exerts more force in its resistless course across the ocean than all the machinery of man combined. Look at yon grey sea gull that has now been following our vessel 1500 miles, all the way from San Francisco. Is not that a more wonderful feat than that this huge steamer should be plowing through the waves so far? It needs none

of the 122 men that serve the ship, none of the thousands of tons of coal; but still onward, veering around in circles, now astern, now at the head of the vessel, it follows and doubles the course of the steamer on its tireless wings.

One of our party and myself are studying Spanish for use in the Philippines or in Spain. At times I am reading, at others I enjoy myself playing chess. The ship's physician is quite an expert at the game. Captain Thomas, who is on his way to take charge of the Brooklyn in Hong Kong, Mr. Vale, a lawyer going to Manila and Mr. Anderson, traveling in the interest of a Hong Kong bank, were some of the other players. On the voyage I came out second best in the number of games won, the doctor still holding his own. There were some others with whom I had more or less acquaintance. Mr. Blom, a Swedish lecturer, who intended to take views all around the world, O'Shaughnessy, Kerns, Vincent, Bierce, who were going to Honolulu, and Mr. Cossum, who was bound for Hankow as a missionary, a light to the gentiles, having as a helpmate his wife with three little children. He was the same gentleman, that I had seen in the sleeper on the way to the coast.

On the first Sunday aboard ship, while sitting on the sunny side among a row of other passengers in all stages of the dull feeling of seasickness, I

noticed next to me this tall, sallow man, fondling an infant and every now and then trying also to read out of a small red book. Wishing to be sociable, I began a conversation, that soon turned upon religion of which he seemed brim full. He asked me, whether I knew anything of the book, which he held in his hand. Of course, as it was the New Testament, I had to plead guilty. But I almost staggered him, when I asked him whether he knew, that he had none else than the Catholic church to thank for its preservation and for all the benefits he derived therefrom? Who else but the Catholic church preserved that book for the convenience of the so-called reformers? This brought out his prejudice in full force: he called the Catholic church a harlot, fallen away from Christ, guilty of the blood of 50,000,000 martyrs through the inquisition and St. Bartholomew's day; her popes, monsters of iniquity, her bishops and priests everywhere lowering the standards of morality by smoking, drinking and celibacy. I laughed at his narrow-mindedness and made him squirm, when I asked him to tell me in what countries the inquisition held sway, and where and when the massacre of St. Bartholomew took place, for he did not know even that. It was new for him to hear that both had a political origin, and that all the victims of St. Bartholomew and the inquisition

suffered more on account of political intrigue than on the score of religion, which cannot be said of the victims of Protestant belief in witchcraft in the American colonies. Besides, what monstrous exaggerations are not Protestants guilty of in regard to these simple facts of Catholic history?

I asked him about his mission to the Chinese and who authorized him to preach. He felt within him the call of the holy spirit, he said. As for sectarianism, he had done with that. He had joined the only true and the real Catholic church two years ago in Boston. It had already 500 members and had separated itself from all the other sects. That church, he said, had guaranteed him his expenses for his missionary tour during the first year, after that he would have to shift for himself. I asked him how he expected to convert the Chinese and whether he could reasonably hope to do much work for others, since he was burdened with a wife and three small children, and he answered: just by living a sweet and godly life with his wife and family, he would convert the heathen. With what a smack of the lips and how often he used that word "sweet." What these people meant by it, I could never fully make out. I doubt whether any of them make it out themselves. I told our friend that probably there are thousands of Chinese gentlemen living in the very district where he

intended to shine as a model husband, who, as far as the treatment of their wives was concerned, would very likely outshine him in the eyes of those, who would have a chance to make comparisons. For that is quite a natural affair and something, in which many a heathen is not inferior to the best of Christians. The only one who could expect any appreciable results in missionary work, was one who would be unhampered by family ties and could give his whole time and energy to preaching and doing good to others. As for the call of the spirit that he claimed to feel, there be spirits and spirits. Not the least common of them was the spirit of self-sufficient pride, which very often makes a man believe he is the elect of God for great deeds, when in reality God would be only too well satisfied with ordinary results. What guarantee had he about the origin of that feeling within him? The Catholic missionary was not sent out without having given the most certain signs of being called to missionary work. But my missionary friend merely repeated, that he had always been a leader of men and now felt the promptings of the spirit within him.

Then he related an incident, that had happened to him in Denver, to show how bigoted the Catholics are. He was preaching, he said, two years ago in that town at a street corner, and because he saw some Irish listeners in the crowd, he thought it

would be appropriate to tell them of all the perversions of the Catholic church and her priests. But no sooner had he started on this subject, he said, than they began to raise a disturbance and threatened to tear him from his stand. "And what had you said about the church," I asked. "Oh, no more than what I have told you and hundreds of audiences during my missionary tour." What could I do but smile at his simplicity, remarking: "Sure it is a pity you did not meet more of the Irish. Perhaps you would be convinced that it is not safe to slander even the Catholic church." However, as I thought the man, though mistaken, was earnest in his views we parted in a friendly manner.

A few days after he came to me, as if by stealth, and handed me some yellow tracts on smoking, alcohol and the last judgment. I read them and began to pity those who rely on such stuff for doing good. Smoking and drinking it seems, even moderately, are represented as the sum total of evil doing. I wonder how these ministers make out even as well as they do, when they use moral leverage of that kind. Later on he kept himself in his cabin with his wife: we were probably too ungodly for him. However, nobody had conversed with him much except myself and one or two ladies. Not all had the same curiosity about him, having

probably met his kind before, whereas for me he was somewhat of an amusement. Mixing freely with the ship's company, I heard that there is a prejudice against all missionaries of the Protestant type, and in his peculiar case, it was considered little less than foolishness to drag a wife and three small children along to China, where he is not wanted and where those of his tribe, for the most part, are patent failures. I was surprised to see that this opinion was pretty well unanimous, both among the Americans and the few English among the passengers, who had been in heathen countries. We had several more conversations during the long voyage, both before and after we had passed Honolulu. I must say of him, that he was an earnest man, but so ridiculously prejudiced in regard to the Catholic church, and so taken up with his own preconceived ideas of righteousness, that to reason with him was breath wasted. If the missionaries are all of his calibre, the heathens may rest secure: their idolatry will not be overthrown.

During many an interview I was struck by the fairness of the American gentlemen in regard to religious views; ever ready to listen to an argument and not rejecting any historical fact, as soon as it was proved, though it might argue against their position. At the same time, however, it is

painful to notice, that they dread the subject of religion, for fear of arousing a dispute. They act like men who have laid religion aside as a conundrum, which cannot be solved and must be left alone. Who can wonder at their behavior, when they are surrounded during their whole life with the warring strife of hundreds of sects, each one of which half-heartedly claims to be infallible? Rarely do they come in contact with the Catholic church, so consistent in its claims at all times and in all essential matters. Was it, perhaps, on this account, that they readily entered into conversation about religion, as soon as they understood, that I was a Catholic priest? I certainly have only the most pleasant recollection of the gentlemen on the Gaelic; such congenial company I was not to meet on the twenty odd steamers that I had occasion to use on the rest of the journey.

Our voyage in the meanwhile was progressing prosperously. It was an interesting sight on one of the breezy mornings, as the sun rose over the vast expanse of water, to see the Chinese sailors unfurl the huge smoke-begrimed sails. Cheerily the main sail, topsail and royal fluttered at first to the breeze, as they were loosened, but soon bellied to the wind, as the huge spars were drawn apart. They unreefed also the fore-trisail, letting it fall from the top along the grooved stays. The

only sail not unreefed was the mizzen trisail and so the great steamer now looked like an immense bird, skimming over the ocean with huge dark wings. Yet our naval captain, Thomas of the Brooklyn, told me that all this spread of canvas would increase the speed of the vessel perhaps no more than a quarter of a knot an hour.

It was a glorious day on the ocean and the sun held its sway over the endless expanse of blue waters, until it sank in the west and yielded its place to the silvery full moon. For a long time I sat all alone in the stern of the vessel, watching the glittering play of the gentle moonlight and the twinkling of the stars on the dark blue and restless waves of the mighty ocean.

On Saturday, the 13th of January, early in the morning, the engines ceased their seven days' thumping and the anchor rumbled downward. Of course we hurried to get upstairs. Our steamer had arrived at Oahu, one of the Hawaiian Islands. The slanting rays of the rising sun shone on the dark green mountains and the winding coasts of the island. About three miles over the water lay Honolulu, nestling at the foot of two mountains. The Hawaiians are scattered in a northwesterly direction for about 300 miles from 155th degree of longitude, or a point 1,800 miles west of San Francisco. They are a solitary group in that

HONOLULU HARBOR

wide waste of waters. The first one, Hawaii, is by far the largest and lies the farthest southeast; then follow in succession to the northwest: Maui, Lanai Molokai (the leper island) and Oahu, where we had arrived; then, 120 miles farther, Kauai and Nohau. The population is scarcely 155,000. Natives number 31,019. When Captain Cook discovered the islands they numbered 420,000. These islands are the only instance in history, where Protestantism has to an appreciable extent supplanted heathenism. About one third of the natives still claim to belong more or less firmly to the different protestant sects or to mormonism. Most of the rest are Catholics, though Protestant missionaries had began their proselyting wellnigh a century before any Catholic preist arrived in the Hawaiian islands.

We were now anchored about two miles opposite Honolulu, the principal city of the islands. The scene was a beautiful one—the deep blue waters of the Pacific, endlessly spreading out on the left in front and in the rear, the furrowed tops of the mountains rising to the right more than 6,000 feet over the city on the sea shore, the green slopes and sugar plantations toward the northwest, the winding shores and promontories to the southeast of the city: all this formed a varied and brilliant picture as the morning sun rose higher and higher.

Vast and darksome storm clouds enveloped the two mountain tops in the immediate background of the city. Far away, on the distant slopes, a railroad train was puffing up a grade through the green hills. Like an impatient monster, a great sister steamboat was rising and falling on the gentle ocean swell, a quarter of a mile to our left, waiting for the tiny boat that had just parted from our steamer's side to transfer our mail for San Francisco. Small sails were wafted onward in their several courses by the morning breeze and from the city a naphtha launch was gracefully curving toward us, bringing the quarantine doctor.

We were not certain whether any of the passengers, that intended to proceed to Yokohama, would be allowed to land, for the bubonic plague had lately broken out among the native population. But the inspector Dr. Schultz soon rejoiced us with the welcome news, that the plague was entirely under control, and all that was required of any intending visitors was, that they should keep outside the few quarantined squares of the city. So, though our ferry was but an old scow, that had laid fast to the sides of our steamer, it soon began to fill with the merry crowds who wanted to spend the day in Honolulu. Of course only first cabin passengers were allowed to go and all, except one, made use of the privilege. The ladies were decked

out in their summer clothes and looked their best. The old tub of a boat, with its open rusty engine and boiler, presented a picturesque sight with so many ladies and gentlemen, perched on and around the baggage that encumbered its bottom.

We were nearly an hour in getting to Wilder's Wharf and our party walked to the upper end of King street, a lively thoroughfare with many fine houses. After some delay we secured a spacious carriage for $10.00, in which six of us started for the Pali cliff and pass. This noteworthy and historical mountain scenery lies between the two peaks behind the city, where we had seen the storm clouds hovering earlier in the morning.

Our driver took us at first through one of the principal boulevards of the city. A good many of the residences are modern and tasteful. They are mostly built of California red wood, for there is no native building timber on the islands. Cocoa, royal palms, monkey palms, the wide-spreading swamp oak, native oak, the mangol and a fine species of locust, formed magnificent roofs of foliage in this and most of the residence streets of Honolulu. Flowers of many kinds were in their January bloom, among them a large purple-blossomed vine, which covered the largest trees and made them look like huge bouquets. The sun began to blaze down as on a hot July day in Chicago,

but as we gradually ascended the gorge between the green mountains on either side, the temperature grew quite chilly. A fine turnpike leads up to the divide and it was just then being paved with crushed lava stone. On each side of this turnpike a tree, resembling the poplar, covered whole acres with a maze of inter-twining roots. The quawa, a sweetish fruit, grows wild along the road. The carriage was bringing us nearer and nearer to the great black storm clouds, that usually hover over the Pali pass or precipice. Four thousand feet above the level of the sea the gradual ascent is suddenly broken off by a precipice of several thousand feet in depth. At the base of this sheer descent a vast plain spreads out only a few feet above the level of the ocean. As we stood there on the brink of the precipice, we could trace the curvings of the coast line on the other side of the island by the white breakers of the ocean, as they rolled furiously against the beach. Fleeting shadows of summer clouds spread over the plains below, darkening in their passage the plantation houses and the smiling fields of bananas and sugarcane. Half the world seemed opened to us between Diamond Head on the eastern extremity of the island and the receding mountains of the western coast.

In the beginning of the last century, King

Kamehameha drove an invading enemy up to this precipice, where we now stood, and, after defeating them here, hurled their broken ranks into the depths below. At that time there was no road leading beyond this ridge; now the turnpike is cut into the rocky wall and winds down to the plains beneath. This road was guarded by U. S. soldiers, who were on quarantine duty, as some cases of the plague had occurred on the plains. We were not allowed to go farther. There was such a strong wind blowing through this mountain pass, that we had to be careful not to be blown over the precipice. On the way down we procured from one of the vineyards along the road some fresh grapes, which were perfectly ripe, though we were now in the middle of January.

Honolulu, in the opening of the gorge at the edge of the ocean, lay like a fairy city far beneath us, backed by a forest of masts and rigging. Before leaving the carriage we drove through the principal streets of the city and were charmed with the beautiful residences almost concealed by the luxurious tropical vegetation. What was formerly the king's palace is now occupied by the U. S. administration building. The Union Presbyterian and the native church have particularly fine locations.

The natives are a mixture of Chinese and Malays

with a certain look of intelligence in their faces. Their clothes did not suggest superfluity and most of them go barefoot. They seem to be a phlegmatic race, lovers of ease and voluptuousness. The priests at the Catholic cathedral, belonging to the French order of Picpus, told us, when we called upon them after our drive, that over half the population is Catholic, but that Christianity sits but lightly upon them on account of their sensuality. The Mormons are making quite an inroad for the same reason. Fathers Burgermann and Franks are now at Molokai, filling the place of Father Damian.

Walking through the business portion of the city, we saw the Kanak women in their loose mother-hubbard dresses, sitting amid heaps of bouquets, wreaths and flowers on the sidewalks, not even stirring from their lounging attitude to induce the passers-by to purchase. Several squares, occupied mostly by the Chinese, were surrounded by a cordon of native police to prevent entrance. These were the infected quarters, which were to be entirely torn down and burned the next day. The same had already been done with another district the week before. The postoffice, where we sent home several postals, was yet a primitive affair: no delivery, no receiving boxes in the streets. Street cars, drawn by mules, took me from the

city out to Waikiki Beach and Diamond Head.

Diamond Head is a vast headland, picturesquely jutting out into the sea. The car-driver did not spare the whip in order to mend the pace of the stubborn mules and so there was over an hour's waiting before the old scow was ready to return to the Gaelic with its load of passengers and goods. Some of the seventeen passengers that were to stay in Honolulu, had come to bid us godspeed on our voyage to Japan. Mr. Worms, a Frenchman and Mr. Bierce, who had intended to stop in the Hawaiians, concluded to proceed on the voyage rather than risk quarantine in Honolulu. Some of the passengers looked downcast as we neared the steamer, fearing no doubt, or already feeling, the return of seasickness.

It was long past six o'clock, when, after unloading the new supply of fruits and provisions, the old ferry was cast loose, our anchor weighed, and the powerful engines again started on our westward course to Japan. Cossum, the missionary, and his wife now sat at the same table with our party. They certainly gave us a good example in so far as they always bowed their heads and said grace before meals. It was a pleasure after supper to sit on deck, pondering over the day's sights and watching the shores of the islands gradually disappearing in the bright moonlight.

Next morning as the sun was just rising over the water's edge, the barren island of Tahura was still visible in the receding rear. Numerous flying fish were sporting over the crests of the waves and schools of porpoises were tumbling at the prow. How dreamily these Sundays pass on board the steamer! Most people sat about on deck, if it happened to be fair weather, listlessly reading a book or dozing in their chairs. No games were played, not even in the smoker, and I am afraid they even thought it strange that I should play chess with some of the gentlemen. At 10.30 the Episcopalian service was held in the dining room. It consisted merely in the reading of some Psalms and the singing of one or two hymns.

In the course of the afternoon a Chinese died, either of old age or opium. He was a dying man when he came aboard, but all the Chinese, if it is possible, return to die and be buried in China. Several others died on the long voyage, for their quarters in the steerage must have been very unhealthy, and they did not even get a change of air at Honolulu. The corpses were not thrown overboard, but were hermetically sealed up in Chinese coffins and reserved for burial in the celestial kingdom.

Next day the sea was getting rough; showers began to fall, the wind changed round in our face

and dark clouds covered the heavens. Towards noon the stormy winds rose higher and with them the waves. We were steaming right into the face of the storm. Every now and then the steamer, plowing through the rolling waves, shipped hundreds of tons of sea, sometimes washing even over the promenade deck. Monstrous it was to behold a giant billow heave the bow of the mighty ship from its watery bed and, as it rushed along, poise her midway on her beam for a moment, until, reaching the stern, it threw her rear into the air, exposing the whirling screw. Every time this happened the furious thumping of the engines in her bowels would send a tremor through the ship and set the propeller revolving at fearful speed. The seamen call it "racing" and sometimes the shafts break on account of the sudden change of resistance. All steerage passengers were battened down below deck and it must have been a miserable day for the Chinese and Japanese in their dark and close quarters beneath the water line. Some of the more timid passengers were in great fear for the safety of the vessel, and many ladies sat about with terror in their eyes. Supper and dinner table were almost deserted, for seasickness held dismal sway.

Towards noon of the next day the waves had subsided somewhat and the sun had dispersed the storm-clouds. All faces were brightening up and in

the afternoon the decks were again crowded with cheery company. Bowling along merrily over the crested billows at about three o'clock, our ship was of a sudden struck by three monster waves from the starboard or right side. All on deck were caught unawares, and as the ship gave a fearful lurch to port and back again, the ladies and gentlemen were sent rolling with their chairs helplessly back and forth, vainly trying to clutch the railing or some other stable projection. I had been writing some of these notes; but they were then scattered all over deck, and it was only by merest chance, that the wind did not take them overboard. One bachelor kept tumbling about in the merriest of tumbling matches with a young lady. I don't know whether the lady enjoyed it, but he himself was certainly all smiles, when we all had finally recovered. Down on the lower deck the Chinese had just been eating their dinner of rice and hash, when the monster wave rose up and bounded over the sides of the vessel. With one fell swoop it dashed the motley crowd to port and washed them back to starboard over the open hatches. Several were bleeding from severe wounds and all were thoroughly drenched with sea water. The invading flood merrily carried the dinnerpots, chopsticks and rice of the Chinese around the flooded deck for a while.

MOUNTAINS OF HAWAII

It is curious how seasickness affects the smell; I verily believe that during the time of seasickness the finest perfume would have been intolerable to me. As for the smells abounding on all kind of vessel, I always found them unbearable during seasickness. On all of the twenty-three vessels, that I used on the trip, I made the same observation.

There was no such date as the 18th of January for us, for on the 17th we passed the international date line, which in this latitude is the 180th degree of longitude. We are gradually stealing a march on the sun as we go round the earth—one hour in every thousand miles westward. So at least one day in our lives will not have to be accounted for when the great judgment comes—there will be plenty of reckoning for the other ones, I am afraid.

For Saturday, January 20, I find the following laconic record: No note; for Sunday, January 21: No notes; seasick. January 23: Weather is continuing windy, casting up an ugly sea. January 24: 6,000 miles west of San Francisco. Mr. B., who seemed to have taken a fancy to me, handed me a book on common-sense nutrition, by Fletcher of Chicago. One of the suggestions in that book I found valuable in my fight against seasickness, though the author did not intend it for that purpose. He maintained, that by continuing to mas-

ticate the food long enough, a certain extra flavor is brought out in all ordinary victuals, which entirely satisfies the demands of taste and which is the one intended by nature as a sign that the food is ready for the stomach; before that peculiar flavor is experienced, it is harmful to swallow any kind of food. One small meal is then sufficient for each day and the work of the bowels is reduced thereby to a minimum. I found that by putting these suggestions into practice I could sit down at table with pleasure, even when suffering from seasickness.

Thursday, January 25, opened up stormy and full of mist; the ship rolled and tumbled through the restless waves. In the afternoon the sun had scattered the clouds and in the dim distance gleamed the mountains of Japan. We were to arrive at Yokohama in the morning and I had already made up my mind to travel through Japan by rail. The rest of our party would not yield to my solicitation to do likewise; they intended to return to the steamer on the same day and sail on, fearing that they might miss the boat at Kobe or Nagasaki. Mr. H. and Rev. S. intend to remain in Yokohama for a time. As I could induce none of them to venture the land trip with me, I began to foresee, that they intended to proceed on the altogether safe and ordinary plan of everyday tourists, rigidly sticking to the prescribed

route of their round-trip ticket. Such limitation would hardly suit me and I proposed rather to travel alone.

Practical Hints.—To prevent ennui durir g a long sea voyage, a course of reading or the study of one of the modern languages is very useful. Of course one or two traveling companions, or conversation with new acquaintances on board, a game of chess in the smoker or on deck, will do much toward enlivening the time. There is no absolute cure of seasickness for those that are subject to it; but it would be a great mistake to remain in the cabin, or much worse, to lie in one's bunk all day. To resolutely despise the disagreeable feeling in the head and stomach and to keep up interest in some useful or pleasant pursuit, to eat little and completely masticate the food; these are about the best means of fighting the fell disease. Those of choleric disposition are more subject to it than those of a sanguine or melancholic disposition; the sickness vanishes as soon as one reaches terra firma.

As for the route to be taken from the Pacific coast to Japan: it is much better to go by way of the Hawaiian islands, and those that have time should spend a week or two there. The scenery is charming and the sight of the crater of Kilauea on the largest of the islands, is surely worth the

trouble and expense. The stay on the islands will also be a welcome interruption of the long voyage of eighteen or nineteen days. On the steamers leaving the American coast plenty of steamer chairs are provided, so that it is hardly necessary to take one along from San Francisco. This is not the case in other parts of the world, and especially not on the English steamers. It is to be hoped that the time will come, when competing lines of other nationalities will teach the English steamship companies to be more attentive to the comforts of their passengers and provide deck chairs for all.

CHAPTER III.

FUJIYAMA IN THE MORNING SUN.—THROUGH YEDDO ON THE JINRIKISHA.—AN UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL. FROM YOKOHAMA TO KIOTO THROUGH CENTRAL JAPAN.—ON BOARD AGAIN AND THROUGH THE ISLAND MAZE.—NAGASAKI, STAINED BY MARTYRS' BLOOD.

Early in the morning the engines ceased their thumping and everyone knew that we had arrived at the Port of Yokohama. The Gaelic had anchored a few miles outside of the inner harbor in order to wait for the Japanese health officials. They arrived at 8:00 o'clock in a small launch, a fine looking set of doctors, though small in stature, dressed in dark blue uniforms with gold embroidery. They examined only superficially the cabin passengers, but so much the more closely the Chinese crew and steerage passengers. Lying on the merchandise in the open hatches of the vessel were seven sealed coffins, containing the harvest of death among the Chinese during the twenty days' voyage.

The Gaelic slowly curved inward closer to the city as soon as she was found free of the plague. The most conspicuous sight many miles inward on

the mainland, was the great cone of Mount Fuji-yama, rising into the air in solitary splendor. The ruddy rays of the morning sun tinged its snowy top with crimson hue on one side, still leaving the other side in the shade. Countless sampans, rough unpainted boats, now began to swarm around the Gaelic, as she anchored not far from the shore. They were managed by nimble Japanese, scantily clad, who propelled them along in the choppy waves by sculling with one oar. All were eagerly looking for a chance to take passengers ashore.

We were taken in charge by the steam launch of the Oriental Hotel. As we passed the wharves our attention was called to the appearance of cleanliness and order on the German liners comparing favorably with the untidiness of the French steamers. Coming ashore, our party of six had their first experience with the picturesque jinrikisha of the Orient. They are small buggies, provided with a double shaft and drawn by the lively coolies. Merrily the six jinrikishas, each carrying one of us, clattered in a row along the well paved streets of Yokohama through the crisp morning air. V. H. was in continual dread of losing his balance and toppling out behind—no joke, he thought, with a weight of 300 pounds, at such a speed over a hard pavement. When we arrived at the Oriental Hotel, he good-naturedly gave his coolie an extra reward

MOUNT FUJIYAMA, JAPAN

on account of his extra weight. We wrote a few postals home and hurried to get the train for Tokio, or Yeddo, the capital of Japan, only 18 miles distant from Yokohama.

Yokohama looks a good deal like a modern city, especially near the harbor or the Bund, where the Europeans dwell. The depot and the railroad is equipped in European style and is managed almost in the same way. The Japanese seem to do a great deal of traveling, for the cars were always filled with passengers. As they wear shoes with wooden soles, there was a deafening clatter of the sandals on the pavement, every time the train stopped. The same clattering is heard on the streets wherever there is a crowd. When we arrived in Tokio we were at first at a loss where to begin our sightseeing. I finally cut things short by jumping on one of the horse cars going in the direction of the Kañon temple. This is an ancient place of worship, surrounded by gardens and shaded walks. Flocks of tame pigeons were flying to and fro, or settled on the ground before it, to pick the scattered grain. The whole neighborhood had the appearance of a country fair. Curious eyes followed all our motions as we were the only foreigners on the ground. Entering the temple we of course saw no reason to appear more reverend than the natives themselves and used the same freedom. Only a few poorly

clad people were on their knees in front of the principal idol. Numerous other images, some of them most hideous, and protected by wire screens, stood around. There were also huge chests as collection boxes, the tops of which were provided with parallel grating, much like the cattle guards on our railroad tracks. In one of the shrines, a rooster and a hen, in nothing differing from our ordinary fowls, shared in the special privileges of the idols. The red-headed rascal seemed to enjoy life behind his wire screen: plenty to eat, the companionship of a charming mate, worshipful esteem from the two-legged animals outside, all this was quite enough to make him strut up and down his roomy gilt cage, satisfied with the world and casting knowing glances at his partner in dignity or at the passer-by.

Some distance from this temple a great tower, much like the Chinese pagodas, rises about 200 feet into the air. As it stands at one end of the city, we could survey the vast sea of one-storied houses, of which Tokio is mostly composed. The city numbers 1,400,000 inhabitants, yet there are no high dwelling houses. They are built of wood and the roofs are of tile. The doors and windows are generally neatly fitting frames, covered with white paper instead of glass, to admit a subdued light into the rooms, and sliding in grooves to admit air when so required. From the top of the tower, in

a wide circuit around Tokio, ranges of mountains were visible. The neighborhood of the tower was a gathering place for pleasure seekers; booths of all kinds lined the passages and about a dozen large theaters in this neighborhood were giving performances. The front of these theaters is so arranged, that large awnings or curtains can be raised, thus exposing to view the interior. These curtains were raised now and then for a few minutes, in order to excite the curiosity of the passersby and induce them to enter during the rest of the performances. We stood for a while to witness the wonderful feats of the Japanese acrobats, the fantastically dressed men and women walking on spheres, and the harlequins at their antics. But, it seems legitimate pleasures are only too often the inducement to entice men to those of a forbidden kind; for the neighborhood, to judge from outward appearances of the houses, did not impress us as respectable.

As the rest of our party were already getting anxious about missing the boat, though it was so early in the afternoon, I left them to their haste in order to shift at leisure for myself. I gave an extremely alert jinrikisha, man to understand, that I wanted to see Tokio and would gladly give him an extra reward for lively service. Then he began his breathless run, drawing me in his jinrikisha through miles and miles of narrow streets. Every

inhabitant here, as in other Japanese towns, seems to have some kind of native merchandise for sale, for there are endless rows of shops, where produce or provisions, or such things as toys, household utensils, tools, pottery or basket-work are exposed for sale on the stand outside. Behind these wares could be seen the owner, sometimes with his whole family, sitting cross-legged on the raised platform. As a general thing the paper shutters were open so as to allow a view into the whole interior of the house. It was a cold day and a cutting wind swept the dust in volumes from the streets. The Japanese in the stores were generally holding their hands over their shibashis, or stoves, which were nothing more than a sort of small bowl, on which glimmered a few pieces of charcoal. The shibashis, however, have this in their favor, that all the heat remains in the room, whereas our stoves send most of the heat up the chimney. It seems the Japanese do not care about the cold as long as they can keep their hands warm. I saw a man lighting a piece of punk, inclose it in a tin box and store it away in his pocket. Upon inquiry, I found that this was a pocket stove, carried about for warming the hands. Their clothing also is so loose, that half their person is exposed to the wind. My nimble jinrikisha man ran along the streets with his legs bare from the knee down.

THE RIDE TO THE HOTEL, YOKOHAMA

It is wonderful how enduring the jinrikisha men are in dragging the cart with its passenger along on a continual short trot. My man ran for miles without stopping to take breath, and everywhere scores of others were seen scurrying through the streets. After making many turns in the endless streets, I bethought myself of the card which K. Ishii had given me on the train to San Francisco. I tried to make the coolie understand that I wished to be brought to the address marked thereon. As he could not read himself, he would every little while approach one of the diminutive police, and with an obsequious doffing of his cone-shaped hat, hand them the card for directions. They always acknowledged his bow with a solemn nod, took the card and in a low voice gave the necessary directions. They sent us to the opposite end of the city and after many winding turns, we at last found the place.

A Japanese woman came out and from her words and gestures, after I had given her the card, I understood that the family of Ishii had taken residence in another quarter of the city. But my jinrikisha man succeeded in hunting up Heikimo Miamoto, the uncle of Ishii, who, in his capacity as an official for foreign affairs of the Japanese government, spoke French well and some English. Before entering any Japanese dwelling, you are expected

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to take off your shoes, and in accordance with this requirement, a young woman, having brought Ishii's card to an inner apartment, reappeared with some light slippers in exchange for my shoes, before I should step in from the porch. This ceremony is easy enough for the Japanese, for their outdoor shoes are merely wooden sandals, into which they slip the front part of their feet. With them it means no more than to relinquish the hold, which their toes have on the bands at the tips of the soles. How they can manage to walk at any speed in their primitive shoes, I could not understand.

Though everything indicated that Miamoto was wealthy, his house was built as the others I had seen, and the doors, windows and most of the partitions were merely paper paneled frames. I was ushered into the room corresponding to the parlor, furnished in the neat and cute style, peculiar to the Japanese taste. Although the weather was below the freezing point, there was no kind of heating arrangement. I would have been well satisfied to warm up a little at a cheery blaze. Miamoto soon came in and very politely invited me to take a seat on one of the stools. In manner and conversation, during the half hour, which I could stay, he would have done credit to any European host. He ordered some tea to be brought, which we drank from tiny cups, and seeing that I kept rubbing my hands, he

told the servant to bring a shibashi, a small pot on a stand, containing some glimmering charcoal. On these we lighted the exquisite cigarettes, which he had likewise provided. We spoke in French most of the time and he inquired very particularly about Ihsii, his nephew. Before leaving, he gave me an introduction to the Japanese commissioners at the coming Exposition Universelle at Paris.

The long ride and the visit had consumed the whole afternoon. It was quite dark when I got to the Shimbashi station to take the train to Tokio. My jinrikisha-runner was gladdened at being offered double his ordinary fee for a day's run. At the railroad station I fell in with a captain of the Japanese army, who was so pleased with me, that he insisted on my taking supper and a bottle of the Kirin beer at his expense. I was surprised to hear him speak German fluently. I had to promise to correspond with him, when I should have returned home. A huge porcelain pot of glowing charcoal diffused a grateful warmth in the dining-room.

The cars were again crowded and I would have certainly been brought far beyond Yokohama, if one of the Japanese passengers had not awakened me from my sleep in the well-warmed car. At the Oriental hotel I had just finished my notes for the day and was about to go to bed, when a loud tapping at the door restrained me. It was V. H.

who had gone back to the boat so early with the rest, but had reconsidered the matter and was now ready to accompany me through central Japan by rail. Nothing could have pleased me better than to have such a jolly companion on the trip. Before going to bed he wanted me to accompany him to the missionary fathers at the Catholic church, not far away. Though it was a late hour, they received us kindly, and I learnt from them that the bonzes are fast losing their influence and power in Japan on account of the vices in which they indulge, and on account of the gradual education of the people. The public processions of naked women, formerly held as a part of the religious ceremonies, by the bonzes are now forbidden. Sodomy, however, and other unnatural vices, though now more concealed from public notice, are infecting the private life of the heathen priests and people. This is one of the reasons of the few conversions to Christianity in Japan. The Catholic church, though counting more converts than all the rest together, is yet not making great headway. As for Protestant Christianity: the Japanese cannot understand a religion without fixed authority or changeable tenets. The nation is in danger of merging their ancient heathenism into the more pernicious materialism and infidelity of modern life.

The "boys," as all servants are called in the

RAILROAD STATION, YOKOHAMA

Orient, woke us promptly at 5:30 next morning, and prepared some breakfast and train lunch, so that we easily made the train for Kobe at 6:45. The fare was only about seven yen, or $3.50 for a ride of fourteen hours. There was a large crowd of passengers, filling a long train of cars. At the next station I found, that I had forgotten to leave the key of my room in the Oriental hotel. One of the station officials readily promised to have it returned: the officials of the Japanese railroads were everywhere remarkably polite and accommodating, and many of them spoke some English or French.

The rays of the morning sun began to touch the tops of the distant hills as the train sped out of Yokohama, toward the mountains. Mount Fujiyama stood out in lonely splendor, rising like an immense sugarloaf from the rolling plains. Suddenly the ocean opened on our left, the sun's rays tipping the rippling wavelets with molten gold. The train passed through numerous towns and villages, hoary with age. So close do they follow, that in some parts of the road they are easily in sight of each other. Every available spot along the way is utilized for the cultivation of rice, vegetables, grain and fruits; for Japan is a densely populated country and there is no room to waste. As the growing of rice requires submerged fields,

every watercourse, and even every spring and creek must serve for irrigation. Many large rivers are thus depleted before they reach the sea, leaving their white gravel bottoms exposed to view. Now and then a farmer furrowing the ground with primitive plough, or an ox-driver with clumsy, high-wheeled cart, wending his way along the narrow roads, could be seen from the speeding train. After an hour or so we began to rumble through numerous tunnels, for we were already climbing into mountainous country.

At frequent intervals we passed ancient graveyards with moss-covered monuments. The entrances to them and also to many private residences were spanned by torii, resembling the Greek letter pi, and indicating the presence of a Shinto shrine. Under shady trees, or on the summit of hills were often seen the images of ancient deities, hideous guardians of beautiful groves and shady dells. The wells are furnished with the good old drawing-beams balanced on a post. The bucket on one end is lowered dangling from a rope into the well and drawn out by pulling at the other end of the beam. At Yamakita, in the midst of gaping defiles, we took kodak views of a romantic mountain gorge. The scenery here was beautiful: torrents rushed along the valleys, or under the railroad bridges, swelled by cascades and rills from the heights. The

chill night had formed icicles along the edges of the rivulets or on the moss-covered rocks, where small cascades sickered down to the rushing brook below. The sun, rising higher and peeping into the mountain gorges, glittered from the frost-clad grass and shrubbery. For many hours our train curved around the vast base of Mount Fujiyama, towering in lonely majesty 12,365 feet above the rolling plains. At first, from its northern approaches, the mountain presented an entirely white snow-covered surface, but gradually, as we circled round to the south side, great black streaks and fissures began to appear, running down from the summit of the peak. The mountain is almost a perfect cone, rising in beautiful and grand proportions to the extinct crater above. It domineers the island far and wide, undisputed monarch of central Japan. We saw this beautiful mountain so often and under so many different aspects, that V. H. and myself gave it the title of "our friend."

The prices all over Japan are extremely low; tea served in an earthen pot, one and one-half cents, tea pot and cup thrown into the bargain; six oranges, two cents; twenty-five cigarettes, two and one-half cents. The native products in proportion. Some of our department stores go on the small-profits-many-sales principle, on a few articles in their lists; the Japs, it seems go in for small profits

on all articles, and a sale at least once in a while. The passengers bought lunches, packed in neat wooden boxes, for two or three cents and ate them on the train. I saw no restaurants along the road. After we had finished our lunch from the hotel, I invested in one of the lunches. It was filled with rice, chopped meat, fish, eggs and pickles, all in a jumble: one taste of the delicacy was enough for me. The whole was so saturated with ill-smelling vinegar, that even hunger would not act as the proverbial good cook. I asked one of the men to show me the use of the chopsticks that go with the box. I made but a poor novice in the great order of chopstick manipulators, you may be sure. They hold both the sticks between the thumb and fore finger of one hand and by some almost imperceptible motion of these two fingers, they manage to fish up small quantities of the food.

Nearly everybody smokes cigarettes, women included. Some of the passengers would every now and then haul out a tiny pipe, take a small pinch of tobacco, about the size of a pea, from a tin box, place it in the bowl, and lighting it for just one whiff, would, after repeating this performance a few times, replace the pipe in its case. It may be that the tobacco was saturated with opium. The women on the train and elsewhere looked clean and tidy, wearing remarkable coiffures of hair. In

JINRIKISHAS, JAPAN

addition to their own large growth of natural hair, they very often wear artistic braids of false hair. The Japanese seem to be naturally inclined to civility and modesty of behavior. The rough benches of the cars that we occupied, were all day filled by more or less richly dressed Japanese men and women. A favorite way of sitting was in tailor fashion, on crossed legs. Most of them were provided with blankets for bedding. Some of them also used them to keep the feet warm, while others placed their feet on the hot water or sand bottles, which was the only means of warming furnished on the train. A very babel of noise and confusion received the rumbling train at the stations. The clattering of wooden shoes, the varied sing-song of peddlers selling beer, tea, tobacco, cigarettes, matches, oranges, lunches and notions, the hurrying of the nimble men and women, the low-voiced directions of the conductors and station officials, the slamming of the coupé doors, soon became a familiar experience.

About seventy miles after we had passed the foot of Fujiyama, our train began to rumble over trestles and embankments across an arm of the ocean. We seemed to be skimming over the bosom of the clear waters, stretching away on both sides of us. This arm of the sea made a wide curve to our right into the land up to the base of distant

mountains. White sails gleamed here and there in the sunlight and at a distance, a flock of wild ducks floated on the blue waters. Then we met the first and only sparsely settled district on our way. No wonder: we had entered a sandy waste, on which, nevertheless, the industrious people had made many attempts at cultivation. About 100 miles to the right, the Kumaga Taki range reared its broken crags to a height of over 9,000 feet into the sky. We mistook it at first for "our friend" of the forenoon, Fujiyama; for the road had made many windings since.

Already the setting sun shone on the golden dolphins of the great Nagoya castle, built upon a vast foundation of huge rocks in a wide valley in the foreground of Nagoya city. Having passed this valley, dusky night gradually set in over the country, gently blotting out the distant mountain ranges; but we almost imagined ourselves at home on an American train, when the electric lights of Osaka, the great manufacturing town of Japan, glimmered in the distance. Only it was hard to keep up the illusion, when we looked around in the car itself: only a kerosene lamp on one end dispelled some of the darkness and on the wooden benches sat and lay the dusky forms of the silent passengers. We ourselves, wrapped in fall overcoats, began to recline more than we sat upright,

using our small satchels for pillows and dividing between us the heat of one of the sand bottles on the floor. Many a quib and joke had we indulged in, V. H. and I, that day; many a bantering comment on the strange sights. I wondered what the stolid Japanese thought of us. I noticed no unkind look, nor any annoyance, but sometimes a merry twinkle in their eyes, when we were particularly exuberant. I shall remember that day as a pleasant one and I regret that circumstances forked our ways apart not long after in Hong Kong.

We arrived at Kobe, the great central harbor of Japan, at 10:30 and had ourselves conveyed in the jolly jinrikisha to the Oriental hotel. The wheels of my jinrikisha clattered loosely on their axles as the nimble coolie ran through the dripping rain over the pavement of the quiet and forsaken streets. After writing several postals and letters, we turned in for a rest.

The fourth Sunday of our journey was ushered in by beautiful sunlight and we were up early to get a chance for saying mass, if possible. After I had in vain looked for a barber shop in the European quarter of the town, a uniformed Japanese watchman at last brought me to a Chinese barber, who cut my hair in approved style in just half the time usually required by a Chicago artist. I had some difficulty in making the policeman understand my

wishes and it always seemed to me, that in the Orient the natives are very slow in understanding even the most evident signs.

Before breakfast we found the Catholic mission and had an opportunity to say mass. Father Fage of the "Missions Etrangéres" welcomed us and invited us to stay a few days. After we had satisfied our Sunday obligations, we were informed at the wharf that the Gaelic would not be ready to depart until next day. So we at once determined to visit Kioto, the celebrated city of ancient temples and the former capital of Japan. It is of equal note in regard to the number and size of temples with Nikko and is the great center of Buddhism in the empire. Kobe, as a seaport, enjoys much intercourse with Europeans. Hence many sights, especially in the resident portion of Kobe, were not unfamiliar. But we met a procession of Buddhist priests coming down from the temples on the hill, looking just as gloomy and somber as any of their idols. I imagined that I could read the hatred of foreigners on their faces. They certainly scanned us two with no friendly look. A Salvation Army corporal and an Episcopal minister also passed us on the way. The trains and the station were full of people and we heard the clap-clap of the sandaled feet of the Japanese from afar. The fare to Kioto and return, a total of ninety-four miles, cost only

two yen, or one American dollar. Near Osaka, which was cut up by many canals and the branching arms of a large river, we saw whole acres of ground spread with white muslin, bleaching in the sunlight on the sandy riverbanks. The train sped along at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour up a wide valley toward the mountains, at the foot of which Kioto lies concealed. It is a city of 400,000 inhabitants, and the ancient Japanese life still prevails in its many narrow streets and under its low, tiled roofs. Arriving, we at once hired a pair of jinrikishas to the house of Father Aurientis, M. E., about a mile from the depot. He lived twenty-one years in Japan and built a fine church in the midst of this center of heathendom, with what labors and sacrifices, God only knows. He invited us in to his scantily furnished Japanese dwelling and showed us the curious remains of a garden, that had once surrounded the house. Then he kindly offered to accompany us around the city and show us as much as possible during our stay.

At first we wound our way through the nearest street, lined on both sides with continuous small shops of cheap wares. We soon came to beautiful, shaded walks up and along the spur of the mountain, at the foot of which Kioto is spread out. Immense camphor and orange trees and other evergreens overarch the ancient walks up the hill. One

can give only a faint idea of the idyllic beauty of the spacious temple grounds and the impression of hoary age, which these old temples and residences of the bonzes, in the midst of ever rejuvenated vegetation, are bound to produce in the mind of a stranger. While nature renews the life of the trees and shrubbery, of flowers and sprouting grass at each returning year, these buildings, reared with wonderful skill and attention to detail, gather within them and on their walls the hoariness of centuries: fitting monuments of so conservative a religious system as Buddhism and Shintoism.

The first temple on our way was that of the Korin. We had to take off our shoes, as the Japanese are accustomed to do even before entering private houses, probably in order to save the mats and to keep the floor clean. A solitary bonze was lying on his face in front of the main idol. He was mumbling prayers, while from the mysterious background behind, a muffled tom-tom resounded. The father told us this adoration was continual. The spacious sanctuary glittered in gilt decorations and the figure of the Buddhist trinity, in gold and black looked indeed fierce enough to impress the ignorant. Scores of hideous minor idols filled out the rest of the background and the other recesses of the temple. The cattleguard collection boxes were not wanting; in some of these I saw much coin. A grand throne

PIGEON TEMPLE, TOKIO

was built near the middle of the main shrine for the high bonze on solemn occasions. A few country people were praying on their knees or prostrate on their faces outside of the railing. Some of them occasionally rang a bell or clapped their hands to attract the attention of the stoical gods. They also threw coins into the sanctuary before the main shrine.

A short way up the hill is the largest bell in Japan, weighing 150,000 pounds. It is of bronze, fully six inches thick and its rim curves inward. It gave an unclear sound, like that of the old fire-bells in Chicago. Around the Korin there are other temples, large and small, priests' houses, ancient walks bedecked with moss, shaded paths and beautiful groves covering the whole side of the mountain spur. Paganism and its priests have held undisputed sway for thousands of years in this spot. The bounteous profusion of nature and the patient skill of generations have united in making it a romantic and interesting resort as well for the pagan worshiper as for the inquisitive stranger. Passing some more gardens, we came to the Kromiju temple, built at the brink of a precipice and part of it resting on piles, rising from the steep incline. From the platform built over these piles the pagans, no longer than thirty years ago, were wont to fling themselves into the precipice below

as a sacrifice to the idols. It was the belief, that such a sacrifice would be followed by immediate admission into the presence of the gods.

On one of the approaches to this temple, under a canopy, stood a jocund, grinning god. All parts of its corpulent body were rubbed quite glossy, on account of the belief of the heathens, that any ailment of the body would vanish as soon as the corresponding part of this jolly god could be touched. The artist could not have put a more suitable expression on the fat face of the statue, if he had really intended to ridicule the foolish superstition of the devotees of this Japanese Aesculap. Behind the temple, in a shady ravine, three jets of water spring from the moss-covered rock. Under these ice-cold streams the Japanese stand for hours, in order to obtain some favors from their gods. The colonnades, bridges and arches around the temple of Kromiju, together with the natural scenery environing it, form a scene of weird beauty.

On leaving the temple grounds a thick bamboo grove received us. Like vast candlesticks painted green and thickly set they rose from the ground to a height of at least 50 feet, the growth of perhaps only one year, and forming a dense roof of deep-green, oblong willow-like leaves high above the ground. The bamboo, after it is seasoned, is

entirely incorruptible, for it contains no sap nor admits any moisture after it is once thoroughly dried. It is put to innumerable uses by the Orientals. In this grove we met some pariahs, as their shaved crowns indicated them to be. They lead a most abject life, from which, according to the merciless tenets of the Buddhist religion they can never rise. It is considered a disgrace for any other class of people to have any dealings with them. Just on that account I tried to enter into some communication with one of them at the moment when one of the bonzes passed us. Besides the scowl which the proud bonze meeted out to Father Aurientis, it seemed as if the flare of anger loomed up in his eyes, when he saw us holding communication with the pariahs. No wonder these bonzes burn with subdued wrath at the encroachments of civilization and Christendom, when they see the wane of heathenism in the diminished influence of their craft and in the dwindling of the temple treasuries.

From the hill on which we were standing. Kioto could be seen spread out in the wide valley plain. The Japanese cities present an intricate maze of small houses and age-worn tile roofs, built so closely and irregularly together, that from an elevation one sees no traces of streets or their intersections. Before altogether leaving the neighbor-

hood, we visited another group of temples, where an immense daibutsu, or image of Buddha from the breast upwards rises seventy feet from its pedestal under its airy roof. It is built of the same incorruptible wood as most of the temples. This statue must be extremely old. A stair leads up to the vast head of the image, which of course we ascended. Sandal wood burned before the statue, as is the case with most of the statues of the gods in the temples. Near this great daibutsu is another large bell which we sounded by means of a beam that is suspended near it like a battering ram. Deeply the great bell vibrated and sent forth dismal notes over the temple grounds and over the city below, like the hideous growling of a demon at being disturbed in his rest. Just on re-entering the residence district of the city, we passed the Mimizuka monument, in which the ears of 200,000 Koreans, slain in war, were interred as a trophy of the victory.

Each of us boarding a jinrikisha to go to the other end of the city, we passed extensive gardens and palaces, enclosed by high stone walls, where bonzes live in luxury. They have many wives and the high bonze has the privilege to choose a new wife among the beauties of the city every year. The Japanese, as long as they are heathens, believe in the absolute authority of the bonzes and this explains the fact that the Protestants have

few proselytes in Japan: these people cannot understand the utility of a religion in which there is no show of authority, and especially one which dares not proclaim to the world that its doctrines are fixed and infallible. In this the Japanese are certainly far more consistent and logical than their caucasian brothers, so many of whom claim adherence to churches that have not the courage of conviction. How ridiculous, the Japanese say, to believe in a messenger of God, who does not claim to have an infallibly true message! The only church that somewhat appeals to their common sense notions is the Catholic; though on account of the scarcity of missionaries and on account of the mercurial and sensuous propensities of the Japanese, the Catholic faith has not made any great conquests in the islands.

The Honwamis, the finest temples in Kioto were recently constructed to replace the old Honwamis, which had been destroyed by fire some time ago. The enormous sum of 10,000,000 yen equal to $5,000,000 in our money, was contributed by the Japanese of all classes toward the building of these two temples. We were told that only about half of this sum was really expended on the construction and adornment of the temples, as the coffers of the collecting bonzes are very leaky. It is an open secret, that fine temples in Japan are

set afire, in order than an overflow might result into the pockets of the fire fiends from the generous golden streams of appropriations and popular contributions for their rebuilding.

Entering the vast temple grounds through a high portal, the exterior magnificence of the temples at once convinced us that our guide had not overstated the costs. From top to foundation and on all the four sides, the walls consisted of exquisitely carved woods and the gilding applied here and there, brought the outlines of the figures into beautiful relief. Here as also eleswhere in the Orient, I was amazed at the works of art created by these so-called barbarous nations, the "burdens" of which the white man is hypocritically exhorted to "take up." What for? They in many ways equal us and they certainly live a more contented life than the supercivilized people of Europe. Why do England and the other nations take up no strange burdens, except those that promise aggrandizement and increase of trade?

Immense pillars of the incorruptible, smoothly polished kayak wood support the richly carved panels of the ceilings in both temples. Much of the timber used in the construction was drawn from the mountain heights by ropes made of the hair of Japanese women, who thus offered their coiffures in honor of the gods. The part intended

for public services was one mass of relief work in gold, centering around the principal statues of the Buddhist trinity. In the first of the temples these statues were of polished black ebony on a gold background. In the second and larger temple the richness of the decorations in the principal sanctuary beggars description. There were great carvings above and around the grand idols, which I saw equaled nowhere during the balance of my long journey.

Behind the sanctuary are the mysterious apartments of the priests, whence muffled sounds of tom-tom and low chanting proceeded. No bloody sacrifices are offered in these temples: the grim idols must now be satisfied with offerings of rice and other field products a few times a year. In the larger temple a half score of country worshipers were rocking to and fro on their knees, chanting in mournful monotony: "have mercy on us," sometimes casting themselves on their faces or clapping their hands, to attract the attention of the grinning buddhas. What a piteous sight to see these people sighing for relief from a pressing evil to dead pieces of wood, carved into hideous contortions. Magnificently the great polished pillars aspire to the ceiling, ending in a graceful capital, and making the splendid halls look more symmetrical and spacious. The floor of the temple is covered

with costly mats and is kept scrupulously clean: an easy thing to do, since on the most solemn occasions the vast halls scarcely draw a few hundred people, and none of these are allowed to enter with shoes on their feet. The scanty attendance even on state occasions, is due to the fact that the Japanese are imbibing only too zealously the materialism and skepticism of their European models. From the portico of the Honwami there is a magnificent view over the houses of the city to the group of temples already described. On the green mountainside a white marble stairway could be seen leading up from them to the mausoleum of the Emperor Kaiko, the first persecutor of Christianity in Japan.

After drinking some Kirin beer (brewed in Tokio) in a Japanese restaurant and thanking Father Aurientis for his kind guidance, we took the return train to Kobe. On the cars a rough looking mountaineer persisted in keeping the window open, in spite of the cold air and drizzling rain that wafted in. I requested him to close it, but received only a surly grunt in reply. More in curiosity to see what he would do than for other reasons, I then asked him to lend me the cloak in which he was wrapped. But an angry scowl was the answer. This was the only incivility I experienced in Japan. On the way I drew out my

rosary: three of the passengers seemed immediately to recognize it, and one of them asked me for information about it. I told him to go to a Catholic missionary, which he promised to do. The Buddhists also used beads, containing 100 counters for hundred invocations, and afterwards on our journey, it was a familiar sight to see the bonzes in India and Burma, the Parsees in Bombay, the Mohammedans in Turkey and the Greeks in Palestine and the neighboring countries, conning their several kinds of beads on the streets, in the stations, in the restaurants or on board ship.

Near Osaka a man entered with a number of gaudy balls, like toy balloons. Being curious, I took hold of one of them, but the slight pressure of my fingers crushed in the thin film, for they proved to be only pastry, used for preparing meat and rice balls. The owner took the mishap good naturedly, laughing with the rest of the company and refusing payment for the damage. We arrived in a drizzling rainstorm at the Oriental hotel, where the passengers of the Gaelic were making merry. Rev. B. and M. were among the hotel guests: two of our party had staid in Yokohama on account of the effects of the long sea voyage. Of course V. H. and myself had much to relate about our interesting trip through the country. Instead of missing the boat, we had to wait another

day, for the Gaelic would not attempt the dangerous passage of the Inland sea in the present stormy weather. Rev. B. and myself made use of the invitation of the fathers at the Catholic mission and stayed over night at their residence.

Getting up early in the morning after a good sleep and having said mass, we had a chat with the good fathers. They are sent by the Institution of the Missions Etrangéres in Paris. Great sacrifices must these men bring in order to continue their missionary labors in this country. No contributions can be expected from the natives, as the converts are almost exclusively the poor. The missionaries manage to live on 500 francs, $100 a year, which they get from the Propaganda. How would Protestant missionaries of heathen countries like missionary work at such a magnificent salary? Twelve hundred dollars a year, or 6,000 francs with an increase of fifty dollars for each child born to them on the mission, is paid to some of the Protestant missionaries. Besides that, they have not, as a rule, been required to undergo a thorough classical and theological education of ten or twelve years, as is the inexorable requirement for a Catholic missionary. The Catholic priest would be foolish indeed to expect worldly recompense in pagan lands. Protestant missionaries, especially Americans, find the heathen mis-

ON THE ROAD TO KOBE

sions a much more profitable position than their abilities can command at home. The fathers invited me to stay with them and join the diocese, though they knew that the Catholic priest is not at his own disposition, but depends on the orders of his bishop. I told them it was not impossible that I might return. They were Frenchmen, but could speak some English. The Japanese they said, could learn French more easily than English. We left them a few mass-stipends, which they were glad to accept.

As there was still time left before the Gaelic would start off, the four of us had a walk through the native bazaars of Kobe. The clean and tidy shops were full of small articles, mostly cheap goods for the simple needs of daily life. Yet one can find many articles of European manufacture mixed up with native products. The little Japanese merchants are a dignified set: no shouting of fakirs, as in India and Turkey, very nice in their manners, quite polite and strictly honest in their dealing, asking but one moderate price for their wares. The launch of the Gaelic was already filled, when I arrived, somewhat later than my companions, at the wharf. So I boarded a sampan to get to the Gaelic a half mile out in the harbor. The Japanese boatman raised a ragged sail in order to save rowing, but the brisk wind carried us against

the jibboom of a schooner. Our boat lurched sideways, shipped the crest of a wave, and nearly jerked us over the gunwales. Only a desperate grasp at the bobstay-rope of the schooner saved us from a salt bath. The accident occasioned an anxious quarter of an hour to me, the reader may be sure. For already I saw huge black clouds of smoke spouting from the Gaelic's funnels and I heard the grating of the anchor, as it was torn from its watery grave. By dint of united effort and by cutting some ropes, we managed to free the endangered boat from its tangle and both anxiously pushing onward with the oars, I arrived just in time to grasp the ship's ladder as it was about to be drawn up. Of course V. H. and the rest had a laugh at my expense, since I had refused to return with them on the steamer's launch.

Until now, at the urgent request of the other members of the party, I had not worn the Roman collar. I began to wear it, because it is much more convenient than any other form of neckwear and nobody on board ship seemed to take much thought about it. As long as the Catholic priest lives up to his calling, I see no reason for doing without it even on a journey around the world.

Our gallant steamer now steered into the Seto Uchi or Inland Sea of Japan; but before going any farther, a few general remarks about Japan may

OLDEST TEMPLE, KIOTO

not come amiss. Japan claims a written history of more than 2,500 years, but the perfectly authentic history dates back no farther than 1500 years, i.e. to 400 of our reckoning. In 1871 the present emperor abrogated the old feudal system and since 1890 a parliament shares the responsibilities of the emperor, much on the same plan as in Germany. It is entirely an island empire, ranging down in a southwestern direction from the northernmost island of Yezzo,* in about latitude 51, to Formosa, latitude 22, between the 146th to the 119th degree of longitude, a distance of more than 2,200 miles, parallel to the coast of China. The larger islands in their order southward are: Yezzo, Honda, the largest, through which V. H. and I had taken our railroad trip, Shikoku, Kiushu and Formosa, which latter was ceded to Japan by the Chinese after the war in 1895. Besides these, countless smaller islands belong to the empire.

The whole group is an immense mountain range, heaved up from the fathomless depths of the Pacific ocean, rearing its heads above the waves and culminating in the snowy cone of "our friend" Fujiyama in Honda and of Mt. Morrison and Sylvia, 14,350 ft., in Formosa. Of course the climate varies from the arctic cold of Yezzo to the tropical heat of

*Since the Russian-Japanese war, the south half of Sagalien Island, opposite Vladivostok and several hundred miles north of Yezzo, also belongs to Japan.

Formosa. Formosa, by the bye, is our next door neighbor now, only 280 miles to the north of Luzon, the main Philippine.

The aborigines were the Ainu, but they have yielded to the Malay invaders, except in the mountains of Yezzo. The Japanese are of small stature, extremely cleanly in their habits, naturally polite in their manners and endowed with keen sense for the artistic. The language of Japan is only slightly related to the Chinese. There is complete religious toleration, and heathenism, in the form of Buddhism and Shintoism, does not enjoy any special privilege; but of course Buddhism, on account of its age and of the riches amassed in bygone centuries, is by far the most important religious element in the country. The Catholic religion retains firm foothold in spite of poverty and of former persecutions. The capital is Tokio, or Yeddo. Kioto was the capital of the empire before 1868, and is still the centre of Japanese learning, and, as we have seen, of heathenism. Yokohama, Kobe and Nagasaki are the principal harbors. The population is about 47,000,000, with a tendency to rapid increase. Japan must find new territory for the overflow of its population.

But to resume the narrative of our journey. Our steamer pushed its prow into the maze of islands, that dot the Inland sea, enclosed between

the two main islands of Honda and Shikoku. The vessel was under the guidance of a special pilot; for, to find and remember the winding course amid the hidden shoals and rocks between the ever narrowing and widening shores, could be entrusted only to one who had made of it a life's study. New island groups would rise ahead, as those on our flanks glided by, or clusters of them would dwindle into the distance behind, while the snowcapped mountains of the mainland to our right rose on the horizon. Not unfrequently high-peaked islands shut off the immediate outlook to the left. There was a continual change of beautiful scenery, for the rugged shores and contours of the islands are extremely diversified. Villages nestling at the base of the steep cliffs or spreading out on the sloping plains, showed by their frequency the thick population of the islands. Occasionally the sea would widen out and disclose a panorama of islands and their towns and villages circling round. At one time, without changing position, V. H. and I counted seventeen towns in full view. Numerous lighthouses and buoys give friendly indication of the safest course for vessels. What a region for the jolly pirates of old! In former times no doubt, the broken shores and the maze of islands afforded hiding places for many a Chinese or Japanese junk, intent on nefarious pur-

suits; nor are these waters entirely free from such craft at present, of course confining themselves to minor prey. Boats of all kinds, with large and small sails, brigs, Chinese junks, Japanese sampans, large and small, schooners, steamboats, and especially fishing smacks of all sizes and pretensions, enliven these waters. Fishing is one of the principal pursuits of the island population and fish of all kinds abound in the inland seas of Japan. There is a great demand for fish as food among the Japanese; hence fishing is a remunerative occupation.

The captain of our steamer said that this is the most trying part of the voyage from San Francisco to Hong Kong, for the narrow channels, the intricate windings of the course, the frequent fogs and the numerous vessels make these 400 miles very dangerous. The small craft plying in these waters take little heed, and any injury from a large steamer may entail lawsuits and heavy damages. Once we were startled by a prolonged scream of the steamer's whistle, a scurrying to and fro, a shouting of commands and angry warning; a fishing smack had put itself directly in our course, so that only a hurried reversing of the engines saved it from destruction. Our excellent pilot securely directed the course of the vessel on this and the following day, scarcely moderating the speed of

JAPANESE AESCULAP TEMPLE, KIOTO

the steamer. At 6 p. m. the sinking sun tipped the mountaintops of Shikoku to our left, and the western clouds above them, with rosy hue, while our steamer majestically glided over the placid, deep green water to a lighthouse and a village on a small island. Dusk soon began to settle over land and sea and we heard the anchor thunder to the bottom. Our pilot considered it safest to rest until the morning sun should again light up the devious course.

In the morning the vessel resumed its passage in a particularly narrow channel, where islands of all sizes were more numerous than ever. The sun gradually rose behind us over a high bank of dark clouds, as if fringed with molten gold. At first V. H. and I, who had bestirred ourselves from soft sleep thus early, took the whole mass of clouds for mountains, but part of it soon melted away and left a cragged wall of real mountains, seeming to bar the rearward world. Towns continued to crop up within sight and the islets assumed a more mountainous character. The barren declivities were made prolific by irrigation, wherever a spring or watercourse afforded the opportunity. Terrace after terrace was built to catch the dripping water in its descent, until it would reach some town or village or mingle with the lapping waves.

At about four o'clock all passengers flocked on deck to see the narrows of Shimonoseki. Before

us the greenish blue waters had bosomed out into a wide basin. The slanting rays of the sun shone on a row of red and white buoys, marking a magnificent curve around a promontory to the left. Around these our gallant steamer majestically swept, until it headed for the narrow gateway of Shimonoseki between two towering mountains. Soon on either side the gaping mouths of huge canons on their embankments darkly frowned from right and left, and as our ship entered the narrows, both shores seemed threatening instantaneous destruction to her panting hull. No hostile vessel surely could pass these bristling forts; one volley would annihilate a numerous fleet. The two mountains that form as it were the gate posts of this passage, approach almost within a stone's throw of each other. Beyond, the Japanese sea expands to the north. Half concealed behind the left promontory, the smoke of the manufacturing and mining town of Moji, built within the last ten years, opens up to view. As we steamed past the harbor of Moji, we remarked the large number of vessels, the great stores of coal and the warehouses along the docks. A railroad train snaked along the side of the mountain in the background and the smoke of mining and manufacturing plants dimmed the evening air. Nearby an ocean steamer was surrounded by hundreds of Japanese men, women and children, carry-

ing baskets of coal over her dark bulwarks. Ten years ago Moji was only a fishing hamlet, but mining has now developed it into a thriving city at the gateway of the Inland sea.

Soon the open sea between the scattering islands lay before us in the fast settling gloom. To the right we still hugged the mainland of Honda for a while, until the steamer turned to the left in order to sail around the island of Kiushu to its great southern port of Nagasaki. Later on, when we had gained the open sea, mysterious fires loomed up in the western horizon, illuminating the hovering clouds. Concerning these fires a great deal of guesswork was indulged in by the passengers, some thinking it a volcano in action. But the captain thought that they were probably forest fires, raging on distant islands.

As early as three A. M. the thunder of the dropping anchor awoke us. We had arrived at the harbor of Nagasaki and at seven the passengers were drummed up for quarantine inspection, but this did not take place until 8:30, in spite of our impatience at the oft repeated farce. When afterwards we moved into the narrowing harbor of Nagasaki, enclosed on three sides, the city presented a beautiful view. It stretches along the foot of a mountain range, which circles around the three sides of the harbor. The Bronze Horse

temple, halfway up the mountain to the left, the academy and churches on the mountain spur in the center and the fine villas and residences on Venus Hill to the right form salient points of the city panorama. The bund, at the water's edge, swarmed with busy people and the bay was alive with boats of all kinds. A large Italian warship was anchored among the numerous merchant vessels. As it was new year's day for the Chinese and Japanese, their junks and vessels were bedecked with myriads of many colored streamers and flags fluttering in the sunshine. When the Gaelic had come to a full stop, several clumsy coal barges were fastened to her sides. Miniature fleets of sampans filled with men, women and children, swarmed round to help in refilling the coal bunkers. Soon hundreds of baskets of coal passed from hand to hand over the high bulwarks of our steamer, and in a few hours many tons of coal were stored away in the hold. Those that had obtained employment earned the magnificent sum of 20 sen, or 10 cents, but of course we must not get jealous; they had earned their good fortune, because they had arrived first, and had secured the job by having been more alert.

Two of our party were bent on some separate errand, while M. and myself took in some of the sights of Nagasaki. Having first attended to mail

matters at the post office, we spent nearly two hours in the narrow streets of the native quarters beyond the bund. Most of the native shops were closed to-day, on account of the new year festivity. For the Japanese it is the beginning of the year 6539. According to the Roman Martyrology of the Catholic Church, this year, A.D. 1900, would be 7100 since the creation of man, while the common acceptation is 5900 since the creation of man. Ven. Mary of Agreda,* in her revelations, reckons 5200 years from the beginning of our race to the advent of Christ, which would make this year A.M. 7100. At Hondaya's, one of the principal curio shops of the town, we bought a few of the costly and artistic Japanese goods, but his prices were considerably higher than those of the shopkeepers of Yokohama. Swarms of people were passing along the quaint narrow streets toward different temples, especially to the great Bronze Horse temple on the hill.

Thence we wandered up the ancient cemetery which covers many acres of ground from the city upward along the steep mountain side. It is parcelled off into terraces, surrounded by crumbling walls and full of mossgrown monuments covering

*Such is the reckoning given in the "Ciudad de Dios," Mary of Agreda's principal work. The main object of publishing "O'er Oceans" is to introduce Fiscar Marison and the first English translation of "Ciudad" to the English-speaking public. The author is not alone in considering it one of the most remarkable books in any language and of all times.

the ashes of many generations. The monuments were mostly in the shape of urns, before many of which, vessels with water, paper flowers and glimmering punk had been placed by friends of the deceased. The bodies of the dead are cremated on open fires and their ashes gathered for preservation in these urns. On the way up we met a woman with two ragged children, very likely pariahs, who plaintively asked for alms. How overjoyed she was at our trifling gift! She was dragging behind her on a string a dead rat, for what purpose is hard to tell, but we understood her to say that it was intended for an offering to the gods in the temple. Well, I don't suppose their gods are very particular in regard to food! From a resting place near the top of the mountain spur, there was a beautiful view of Nagasaki and its mountain guarded harbor below.

Descending, we mixed up with the nimble crowds of Japanese who were streaming to the Bronze Horse temple. Soon we arrived at the base of a wide stairs leading up to the mountain. A succession of huge torii at the head of each stair-flight spanned the passage upward to the entrance of the temple grounds. Loudly the wooden sandals clattered on the stone flags, as the crowds of natives ascended and descended; the torii or arches, the booths lining the way, the temple buildings above were all

NEW YEAR, NAGASAKI HARBOR

gaudily decorated with flags and bunting. Some of the Japanese were carrying garlands of flowers, others a circular wreath made of wheat ears. There is not much difference between the garments of men and those of women; the latter having sleeves a little longer and they wear a different headgear. The under garment is a long, gaudy shirt, the front seams of which widely overlap each other and reach below the calves. The bare limbs are often exposed, as the seams of this under garment flap apart. Over this they wear the kimono, a short sort of jacket with wide sleeves, held around their middle by a graceful girdle.

We ascended the stairs with the stream of humanity. On the way up we had a regular Japanese meal in one of the booths. A few cents procured us the services of a whole orchestra and the music was not bad. The temple grounds are guarded by two particularly monstrous images, half man, half dragon, painted white and red. Before the entrance to the temple is the bronze statue of a horse, sitting upon its haunches, which gives the temple its name. From the open doors of the temple sounded loud tomtoms and a melancholy chant. Several natives were prostrate in front of the sanctuary-railing, clapping their hands and ringing a bell to attract the attention of the monsters, that grinned down upon them from within

the railing. It was quite amusing to see the bonze crawl around in the sanctuary to pick up the coin which people from outside threw over the railing. Others of the worshipers dropped pennies into the cattleguard chests. Looking into one of the larger ones, I saw its bottom quite covered with coin. This temple is frequented by the adherents of the Shinto religion, a sort of sun worship of Persian origin, which is not looked upon with favor by the orthodox Buddhists. After strolling through the adjoining gardens, which must have been a magnificent park once, and after paying a visit to the museum, we returned just in time to catch the steamer.

It was a beautiful sight that the evening sun lit up as the steamer turned around and receded from the mountain-girt Nagasaki city and bay toward the expanding waters beyond. Three hundred years ago twenty-six martyrs, crucified on the mountain of the Bronze Horse temple, looked down for three days from their crosses on this scene; civilization, however, has wrought many changes since. Immediately below the spot where they suffered, now stands the Catholic cathedral, which contains their relics. Many other martyrs shed their blood for Christ in this part of Japan, and not in vain, at least for this neighborhood: for many Catholic Japanese reside in

MARTYRS' MEMORIAL CHURCH, NAGASAKI

the surrounding country and on the islands hereabout. Several churches gleam white from the hillsides of Nagasaki Bay and the islands around. With the parting rays of the setting sun, we bade farewell to romantic Nippon, the island empire of the Mikado.

Practical Hints.—Persons traveling in the Orient should not fail to visit Japan and allot a good share of the time at their disposal to that wonderful country. Where time and means need not be stinted, no doubt a trip from the northernmost island of Yezzo to the southernmost Formosa would prove interesting all the way through. Railroads span most of the distance, though the intervening stretches of sea would have to be crossed in native junks, in which no special conveniences can be looked for. This trip would especially recommend itself to those who are going to Manila. But a few days spent in the neighborhood of the main cities, as we had done, will suffice to give a very fair idea of the people and country. Central Japan is so well governed, that no one need fear mixing with the inhabitants and taking lodging with them. The decimal system is introduced for money values; the lowest coin is a sen; one hundred sens make one yen, worth 50 cents. The yen looks much like our silver dollar. The sea voyage from Kobe

through the island sea and Shimonoseki strait, is unique and should not be lightly missed. The natives, especially those that have not come much in contact with white men, are honest and one need not be on one's guard so much in his purchases as in the rest of the Orient. In regard to buying curios and remembrances on an extended trip it is well to remember, that the carrying of the articles and the duty to be paid on them should be taken more into consideration than the original cost. Yet it would not do to leave important places without some kind of memento. One should always, however, prefer a memento that can be used in daily life to a mere curio. Pictures and photographs of remarkable places will be a never failing source of pleasing recollections in after years. A most valuable adjunct of the traveler's outfit is a camera; but let him be sure to get a small pocket kodak: larger ones will soon become unbearably irksome and the consequence will be, that few pictures will be taken. It is good to be provided with an abundant stock of films, as it may be impossible to get the right kind along the road.

CHAPTER IV.

In the Yellow Sea.—Waiting for the Tide.—A City of Four Nations.—A Night on the Streets of Shanghai.—Again on the Ocean.—Hong Kong.—The Parting of our Ways.—A Flying Trip to Canton.—Under Portuguese Flag.—On Victoria Heights.—All Aboard for Manila.

We were now under full headway crossing the lower part of the Yellow Sea bounded by the coasts of Japan, Corea and Central China. It certainly merits its name, for the great rivers Yangtse and Hoangho empty their vast yellow floods into this sea. The Yangtse river, to the mouth of which we were steaming, carries vast quantities of clayey soil 150 miles out into the ocean and forms immense sand bars in the bay of Shanghai. We had to anchor about forty miles out from Shanghai in order to wait until the fog should disappear at high tide. This conjunction of high tide and clear weather detained the Gaelic for nearly two days. In the forenoon of February 4th the steamer could proceed up the mouth of the Yangtse to Woosong, about fourteen miles from Shanghai roper.

At noon the tug came alongside the vessel in order to take the goods and the passengers up the river to Shanghai. One can easily imagine that we were impatient at the tedious delay, especially as the tug tarried until three o'clock. But once aboard, its twin screws pushed it rapidly up against the mighty currents of the river. Rough looking Chinese junks with fierce eyes painted on their prows passed us here and there. The painted eyes are missing on no Chinese boat, for the superstitious sailors believe that they scare off the evil spirits of the deep and besides, how can a boat find its way without eyes of some kind? The crazy sails of these junks are made of a bewildering patchwork of rags, sewed together and fastened to great frames of bamboo. On the sides of even the larger junks, are fastened stationary flaps, resting on the water like the wings of seals and preventing the craft from upsetting in rough weather. The Chinese men and women that manage these boats, and those that had helped unload the goods from the Gaelic, formed a collection of ragged humanity, seldom to be met with anywhere. Having passed a number of Chinese men-of-war, Shanghai came into view in the distance.

Even after we had gone up stream fourteen miles to Shanghai, the river banks were yet two miles apart. The harbor of Shanghai is always full of

OPIUM HULK, SHANGHAI

shipping, for it yields preeminence only to Liverpool and New York in the number of vessels annually entering and leaving port. The most conspicuous of the vessels in the harbor was the opium hulk, occupying its stationary position at the edge of the water in full view of the grand palaces of the English, French and American concessions. It serves as a sort of custom house for the control of the opium trade of China. Like a huge grey monster it stands a witness to the rapacity of the English, who in 1842 waged a fierce war with China in order to force the Chinese government to withdraw its prohibition against the importation of opium into the empire. India was at that time, and is at present, the principal producer of opium: if China should remain closed to the deadly drug, it would have meant the ruin of the English opium industry. The physical and moral welfare of the Mongol race and all their natural rights must of course yield to the material welfare of their European merchant brothers: the "white man's burden" must first of all be a paying burden, or else it would become unbearable, don't you know!

The English, French and the Americans have concessions, that is, their own autonomous territories outside the old Shanghai walls, so that Shanghai consists really of four different cities: the old Shanghai or Chinese city; next to it, out-

side the walls, the French, then the English and American concessions. These concessions comprise only a small territory and they are built up and governed like a European or American city. A beautiful boulevard circles along the waterfront, skirting the fine palaces and business houses of the concessions. Were it not for the numerous Chinamen and the stately, tall Sikh guardsmen on the streets, one would think that he is arriving at some European port.

On disembarking, we passed along the fine boulevard from the English to the French concessions, looking for the Jesuit college. But we arrived instead at the procure of the "Missions Etrangères" and were well received by Father Beaublat. As we had little time, he at once offered to accompany us through the old Chinese quarters, an offer which we gladly accepted. Accordingly, without taking off his cassock, he led the way through a few blocks to the old city wall, that still surrounds the Chinese town of Shanghai and divides the French concession from it. This wall is now crumbling with age and neglect. The filthy moat is spanned by a dilapidated bridge and over the ruinous gate frown two rusty cannon mouths through the portholes. Inside of the walls, the narrow streets received us: they are only six or eight feet wide and hardly merit the name of streets, being mere passages

running irregularly between a maze of old shanties and shops, roughly paved with cobble-stones and indescribably filthy and dirty. Chinese men and women of all ages and conditions thronged to and fro.

The abject misery of some of the beggars was a distressing spectacle. One of them was a leper sitting in the sloppy dirt of the gutter, moaning and swaying his head. Instead of eyeballs were mere holes, from which ran the festering pus down the haggard cheeks; instead of the nose protruded the naked bones: leprosy had eaten away the surrounding flesh. Pitifully he groaned at the passer-by, lifting up the sightless face and holding up an old tin can for alms. At another corner, a man paralyzed from the hips downward, trailed the bare, helpless limbs along through the mud over the cobblestones, dragging himself forward by the help of his right arm and the upper part of his body, while with the left hand he rattled a tin cup to supplement his piteous groans for alms. Ragged women and children littered the streets or any available nooks, loudly clamoring for help. They received no notice from the scurrying crowd: heathenism knows little of pity toward the poor and helpless.

None of these beggars are allowed in any of the concessions and no doubt the Chinese government

would resent any interference of the white man in the internal affairs of the old town. We could not resist giving Chinese coins to some of the beggars; but soon we were followed by a surging crowd of poor, that frantically surrounded us. Father Beaublat, after somewhat unceremoniously dispersing the clamoring mob, probably knowing circumstances better, protested against any more such experiments, as we would expose ourselves to serious inconveniences and were wasting money only on the undeserving and not on the real poor. This last was indeed hard to believe!

No wagons, not even a rickshaw, can pass through these narrow and crowded streets. We met, however, one or two gorgeous palanquins, within which the richly clad mandarins were being carried along by four liveried servants. They pushed ruthlessly through the crowds and the common herd crushed themselves into corners as they passed. Both sides of the straightened passages were lined with low huts, crumbling walls, opium dens, eating houses, trinket shops, ill-smelling kitchens, open bazaars, joss houses, cobblers' booths, and shops of all trades, which generally are open to view. The nauseating victuals are cooked on open fires, sending up odors of roasting and broiling meats. All was life and animation, for the Chinese are no laggards at any of

their callings, and least of all in business, be the profits ever so small. Some were bartering at the open booths, some were eating the indescribable delicacies with nimble chopsticks; shopkeepers praising their wares, tradespeople with rude implements at their work, the hastening crowds, the whining beggars, all united to form a Babel of confusion.

We came to an old canal or arm of the river, widening out into a brackish pool. The sewage from the streets finds its way into it. Yet the father told us that the Chinese use this water for cooking and drinking purposes, as there are no other public provisions for water supply. The streets were filled with the smell of opium, burning joss-sticks and the reeking garbage of the streets. Everywhere also sounded the noise of kettledrums, cymbals, tomtoms, loud talk and laughter from the rear of houses and shops, for they were still celebrating the new year and the twenty-fifth anniversary of the accession of Quanhu to the throne, and would continue to celebrate for a week or two. The louder the din of the celebration, so much the more will the malicious spirits be propitiated in the coming year. As for dates in China, there are no reliable ones beyond the fifth century before Christ. So at least the well informed Jesuits, whom we afterwards had the pleasure of meeting, informed us.

After many turns in the narrow passages, we entered a large complex of open courtyards, low-roofed galleries around a dark temple building. It contained a whole army of grinning idols, ranged along the walls. The object of the temple was to provide a special idol for each day and hour of the year, in which any of their devotees should happen to be born. During these days of the new year celebrations, each Chinaman is supposed to make an offering to that particular god, which presides over the hour of his birth, if he would not suffer for his neglect in the ensuing year. And nearly every one of them had found some devotee in that surging crowd. Surly bonzes, jugglers in the open courts, venders of candles, flitter-paper and trinkets, mingled in the jostling mass of humanity and plied their trades. They surrounded even us and Father Beaublat, asking our age, eager to show us the particular god we ought to propitiate, but still more eager to get some tips or to sell us some of their articles of sacrifice. The hideous array of gods were having a high time of it, to be sure: for the burning candles, the glimmering punk and sandalwood and the gold and silver glitter around and before them, showed that without our help they were sufficiently attended to, and besides we thought that the grinning idols, which they pointed out to us as our guardian deities, would

very likely continue to grin their favors upon us whether we made an offering or not.

We regretted very much that the father was in such haste, as we should have liked very much to spend more time in taking in the strange sights around us. But they were familiar enough to him and only disgusted him; whereas our curiosity easily overcame any feeling of disgust in us. So, on we hastened through more narrow and crowded streets to the Jesuit establishment in the midst of Chinese heathendom. They have a fine church here and conduct several schools, one of them a sort of seminary for native priests and catechists. We were introduced to a company of about thirty Chinese catechists. They receive careful training for three years in this place and make an annual vow or promise to assist in missionary labors among their countrymen under supervision of the priests to which they are sent. What a contrast: the jostling heathens outside and this band of young natives with the fire of enthusiasm in their eyes, ready to preach Christ! If an ocular proof of the benign effects of Christ's truth were desired, a glance at this band of catechists would be sufficient. Some of them afterwards are ordained priests. There are a few Chinese Jesuit priests in Shanghai and one of them was introduced to us there. Without native help of catechists little can be done in heathen countries.

The father, on account of pressing engagements, now desired to turn homeward. He said that the gates of the Chinese Shanghai are closed at a certain hour and would be open for no one either to go out or in, which, for my part, I contemplated as a situation not altogether undesirable. Before passing out of the gate where we had entered, we had a view from the top of its turret: the old wall straggles around Chinese Shanghai in irregular curves. It is wide enough to afford a passage for a wagon all around the city.

Father Beaublat accompanied us to the Jesuit church in the French concession, where Father LeGall received us very kindly. I had expected to meet Rev. Wm. Hornsby, S. J., a former fellow-student of mine. He had, however, been transferred to the Jesuit college at Macao. In the church are separate divisions for the European and the Chinese Catholics. After a visit to some acquaintances of V. H. in the Belgian procure of the American concession, we engaged rooms in the Hotel des Colonies. There we had excellent accommodations for only two dollars Mexican or one dollar American money.

After dinner we wanted to see the Chinese quarters in the different concessions. Only the few streets along the boulevard and quay are inhabited by the white people, behind them are large settle-

SHANGHAI FISHERMAN

ments of Chinese, though the territory belongs to and is governed by the commissioners of the three nations. Order and cleanliness is strictly maintained by an especially selected police force. The tall and stately Sikhs, imported from the Punjab, India, with swarthy features and long black hair and beard, do most of the police duty. Again we heard the din of tomtoms, drums and cymbals from the interior of houses in dark streets and from the open stores. In between, firearms and firecrackers exploded, much like at our own Fourth of July celebrations. For two weeks the evil spirits are thus belabored with ear-splitting noise in order to make them propitious. I am inclined to believe, that if the Chinese demons have any ear for music, they will capitulate in much less time.

Inside of a large dry goods store, where we bought some silk handkerchiefs for a trifle, a group of Chinese sat on low stools with all the necessary instruments of noise, merrily thumping away at the drums, triangles, cymbals and sounding boards. They had done good business in the past year and therefore, so much the more, must the fickle gods be kept in good humor. They charged a large discount for our American gold and before handing out the change in Mexican silver dollars, they carefully marked them with a rubber stamp. It seems this is necessary to make them passable. The Chinese

really have no coin of their own, the currency in the interior being lumps of silver, the value of which is reckoned by weight in taels or pounds. For small purchases they use roughly stamped pieces of brass, perforated by square holes in the middle. Several times I bought rolls of seventy or eighty of these coins for five cents to give to the numerous beggars and to children. I staked a few also at the fakir stands, where crowds of Chinese stood around, gambling for one or two of the brass coins at a time. But my fakir got the best of me: no matter how the dice would turn up, he claimed to be winner, while my fortune was diminished in this transaction by at least 3½ cents. At nine o'clock is the closing hour for all street fakirs and the hour is enforced by the police. There was no intoxicating drink to be had among the Chinese, on account of its prohibition by city ordinance.

I could not understand why V. H. and B. desired to return to the hotel so early. Mr. M. and myself preferred to see as much as possible of the strange sights during the short time at our disposal. Regardless of consequences or of the dangers, that the others were conjuring up in their minds for themselves and us, we started out to roam through several miles of streets.

Not far off we saw a great crowd gathering in one of the streets. From the centre of it loud shouting

and howling was heard. Curious to see what was the matter, we elbowed our way to right and left through the excited Chinese and at once became the principal actors of a little tragic comedy. In the flickering light of some torches stood a tall Sikh policeman. His large black eyes flashed angrily down upon a howling young Chinese, as he listened to the wrathful expostulations of another Chinaman accusing the youngster. The Sikh had the long queue of the delinquent wound several times around his left forearm and was giving it a vicious jerk at each new accusation. In the right hand he had a large billet of wood. Both the Sikh and his victim immediately appealed to us. They must have taken me for some high official, perhaps on account of our unceremonious intrusion or the Roman collar. The Sikh in broken English tried to tell me, that the youngster had thrown the billet of wood at the wrathful accuser and therefore must be arrested. The sturdy youngster, howling between the jerks of his queue with which the Sikh emphasized his accusations, in deadly fright held up to me a handful of cashes as a bribe for my assistance. The affair was ridiculous in the extreme: the savage Sikh, the frightened youngster with the magnificent bribe of about two cents in value, his frantic accuser behind both and the surging crowd of Chinamen,

whose eager faces were lighted up by the neighboring torch-light; all were waiting for the decision of a complete stranger. Of course I rose to the height of the situation in the twinkling of an eye. It was a glorious chance to play the judge once in my life. The accuser had not deigned to make any such magnificent offer as the accused. It would be well to teach him a lesson. Besides he seemed violent enough to have provoked the prank of the youngster. As for the Sikh, he would have to accept the decision of the mighty white man, that had honored his bailiwick with a visit. "Stet pro ratione voluntas." If the power of the white man was to be shown, I must decide against the Sikh, the accuser and the whole gathering of heathen bystanders. I must let that gaping crowd of pigtails know, that even if the young stripling had deserved death, he shall be free at the wave of my hand. So accusing his opponent of having probably provoked the offense and unwinding the queue of the whining criminal from the arm of the Sikh, I set him free. Like a snake released in high grass, the sturdy youngster suddenly dived between the legs of the bystanders and disappeared in the darkness. He preferred, no doubt, the aimless kicks of the crowd, through which he squeezed his way, to the dreaded arrest and the process of the law. After getting out of the dis-

persing crowds, when the dignity of supreme arbiter was no longer necessary, M. and myself did full justice to the humor of the situation in our hilarious glosses and comments on the adventure.

It was a sad thing to notice how public vice plumed its gayest feathers even in the concessions in order to enticet he unwary. We passed numerous places, brilliantly lighted, where bevies of Chinese girls, painted and in airy costumes (much more so than in the vaudeville theaters and variety shows of our own cities), stood in the hall-ways, as disgusting allurements.

We came to a place from which proceeded much noise of merrymaking. We entered and found groups of Chinamen sitting galore at all sorts of games. One part of the establishment was portioned off as a bowling alley. A few Chinese were whooping and screeching with their thin voices, whenever to their wonder the tiny ball stayed on the alley long enough to knock over a pin or two at the other end. Their surprise was justified: the alley was so long, that its farther end almost disappeared in the distance; the balls were practical solutions of the squared circle, only the square had by far the best of it, and the listless muscles of the Chinese gave but indifferent force to the tumbling ball.

We joined in their game and I challenged the one

who seemed their champion, by signs, that I would play against him, the loser to pay the costs. He readily consented, thinking, no doubt, that he would easily beat the "foreign devil." But he soon began to wear a long face, when, at the close, our score had outgrown his own three or fourfold.

Later on we witnessed the closing scene in a Chinese play in one of the theaters. The play is almost all pantomime, except that a herald now and then drawls out a sort of a singsong explanation of what must have been unintelligible in the tableaux even to the Chinese. The actors appeared in fantastic apparel, grotesquely painted and masked, with all sorts of spears, clubs and other instruments. But there was an absence of nude indecency, so common in the white man's theaters. The audience hall was filled with spectators sipping their tea during the play and uttering a timid "ha ha" in approval, when particularly pleased at the maneuvers on the stage. They do not clap their hands. We attended to that. We cheered too. Perhaps they thought we were amateur players that had forgotten their paint.

Once, after the actor on the stage had reached a climax of a demoniacal howling and screeching, accompanied by a fiendish fortissimo of grimaces and an earsplitting din of strident instruments, we were found bravely helping out the best of their

actors by clapping our hands and shouting: "Hurrah, three cheers for the red, white and blue" at the top of our voices. Our brave hurrahs at first were lost in the "universal shout that tore the welkin" above the stage, but the band of fiends on the stage suddenly stopped and our solitary cheers alone resounded as a finale through the hall.

Even the fantastic noise makers on the stage turned their glaring masks upon us, like a pack of native demons surprised at the presence of some "foreign devils." As we occupied a place right in front of the high stage, we attracted an amount of attention, such as we could not hope to attract very soon thereafter.

It was getting to be near twelve o'clock and the life of the streets was beginning to subside. We had carefully kept track of our wanderings or we would surely not have found our way back to the hotel. Even so we had to grope our way through some entirely dark and lonely passages, for no friendly light shines through any windows in the Chinese quarters, simply because there are no windows facing on the streets. Like on a Fourth of July night in our country, now and then the solitary detonation of a blunderbuss or a large firecracker or the monotonous kettledrum sounded from the mysterious darkness within the dwellings. I found V. H. buried in one of the beds of

the room, but kept anxiously awake by our prolonged absence.

The next day was the fifth Sunday of our journey. After having celebrated mass in the French procure and taken a breakfast brought up by the hotel servant to our room, we set out with Father Stan. Kennelly, S. J., toward the landing place. The Jesuit was dressed in the costume, and wore the slim beard and dangling pigtail, of a mandarin. According to his opinion (and he could well have reliable judgment in such matters, having spent twenty years in the interior) the Chinese are a peaceful and docile people, much more so than the Japanese. "War is foolish: why have the gods given us speech, if not in order to settle our differences," is their common saying. My experiences were entirely in harmony with this sentiment. They certainly never showed any quarrelsomeness in their dealings with us, though on several occasions we assumed rights which would have been sufficiently dear to people of other nations to pick a quarrel for. The Boxer trouble in Pekin was brewing and broke out two months after our visit to Shanghai. But from an impartial Chinese standpoint, I cannot see anything unnatural in those troubles: they are the logical consequence of the behavior of the white man in China.

This might seem a hard saying to those who are

so much in favor of taking up the "white man's burden." Let a fair minded man imagine himself in the position of the Chinese. Theirs is a vast empire. The United States for instance contains 3,622,088 square miles: China contains 4,268,800. The Union claims 80,000,000 inhabitants, China, 383,000,000. Our history dates back 133 years, the known history of China, according to positive records, nearly twenty times that number of years, namely 2,500 years, and the Chinese have been a great nation 1000 years before that, at least it would be hard to prove the contrary. Vast deeds of war mark its bygone centuries, great emperors, statesmen and warriors shine on its historic pages. They were far advanced in the arts of peace and war long before any European nations had issued from their barbaric state. If we are justified in feeling proud of our country, why not they, with their history and with the vastness of their empire? What wonder if a million or two of these Chinese should rise to drive out the foreign invaders, whose presence is menacing the very existing of their empire?

The same swift tug that had taken us up the river, now brought us back to the Gaelic, the huge hulk of which we soon saw riding on the yellow tide. The steamer during that and the next day held its course over the turbulent waves of the Formosa

channel. Some of the crazy looking Chinese junks are met far out on the sea and it is a wonder that they are not swallowed up by the huge billows or blown to pieces in the gale. One should think that the next puff of wind would catch the unwieldy, bamboo-ribbed sail of patched rags and stave the helpless boat into the maw of the next approaching wave. At a short distance off they become invisible behind the crest of the waves as they sink into the trough of the sea.

On the second day after leaving Shanghai, at five P. M., the Gaelic was picking its way through the many islands up the Wyfong straits, from whence Admiral Dewey swooped down on the Manila harbor in May, 1899. Pretty soon Hong Kong appeared behind the numerous shipping of its beautiful harbor. There were twelve British and five American warships in the bay, besides the vessels representing numerous other nations. Among the American ships of war was also the Brooklyn, the former flagship of Schley. Captain Thomas, with whom I had passed many a pleasant hour in the smoker, was to assume command of that vessel at his arrival. This is the western terminus of the O & O. Steamship line, and our coupons gave us passage board the P. & O. steamers to Brindisi, by way of Singapore, Colombo, Calcutta, Bombay and Suez canal.

FATHER KENELLY, S. J., CHINESE MISSIONARY, SHANGHAI

Slowly the Gaelic entered the harbor and dropped her anchor at nightfall about a mile from shore. As darkness crept over the bay and over the surrounding mountains, the brilliant electric lights began to loom up, forming a complete circle a few miles in diameter around the ship, for it seems the whole bay is surrounded by thriving manufacturing settlements on the encircling Chinese coasts and islands. Hong Kong itself is built on the steep side of Mount Victoria. Clusters of lights began to blazon from the business quarters of Hong Kong at the water's edge, and gradually all the way up to the summit, 4,000 feet above the sea level. Coming out on deck after supper, from the bright dining room, I was wondering for quite a while at the unusual position of what seemed the constellation of Orion in the heavens, until the dark outlines of Mount Victoria, appearing immediately above the three brilliant lights, dispelled the illusion and made me aware that I was not looking at that constellation, but at the electric lights near the towering summit of the mountain.

Differences of opinion arose as to the route which we were to pursue on leaving Hong Kong. The four of us had made up our minds to go to Manila and get a glimpse of this new acquisition of the United States. It was my opinion that we should, if possible, first go to Canton, then return to Hong

Kong and go to Manila, and from there take direct shipment to Singapore. In that way we would have time to see Canton before going, we would have over a week more time in Manila and we would save the return trip on the ocean from Manila back to Hong Kong. I could not convince the rest of the party of the advantage of this change in the route of our round trip tickets. They insisted on following it without deviation.

Early in the morning we hired a sampan and together we left the Gaelic, which had been such a pleasant home, to me at least, for the last five weeks. It is certain that on no other of the 23 steamships, which I used on this journey so much homelike comfort and attendance could be found. We betook ourselves to the old cathedral in Hong Kong, where the Italian fathers received us kindly and readily consented to our saying Mass. The church is high up on the mountainside, overlooking the greater part of Hong Kong and its harbor. It is built in renaissance style and is in many respects a fine structure. It seems to antedate the English dominion on the island of Hong Kong by many years.

As my companions would not listen to my suggestions in regard to a change of route, I finally determined to separate and make my way alone. But at the last moment, just as we had finished

our dinner in one of the restaurants, M. changed his mind. The others of the party had concerned themselves very little about him during the preceding part of the voyage; I had grown used to him as cabin-mate and had gladly put up with his hard hearing. But there were several reasons for my not urging him very strongly to come with me. He had begun the journey with the others of the party. There was a certain amount of risk that I would not make Calcutta just as soon as the others. There would be at least a small extra outlay in fares. So after asking him once in the course of the morning and receiving no assent from him, I had made up my mind to go alone. But after V. H. and B had definitely decided on following the route of their round-trip tickets, he cast his lot with me of his own free choice, and I was not unwilling to act as his guide and companion to Vienna. Later results soon showed that we had taken by far the most advantageous and the most expeditious route. We bade the rest of our party farewell and procured our tickets for the Manila steamer, "Esmeralda," which was to leave on Friday, while they would have to depart for Manila the next day.

M. and myself determined to obtain a glimpse of the Chinese city of Canton and of the Portuguese town of Macao. The Fat Shan was to start

up the Pearl River in a few hours, so we procured tickets for Canton on that steamer, and, until its departure, strolled through the streets of Hong Kong, at the same time attending to such business as was necessary. The European portion of Hong Kong, which is of course divided from the Chinese quarters, differs little from a modern city with fine streets, great business houses and residences, parks and driveways. The residences of the Europeans straggle up the side of Mount Victoria, whereas the Chinese quarter, by far the more populous, stretches away to the right along the wharfs and quays of the bay. There are hardly any carriages to be seen, the passenger traffic being carried on by the rickshaws. These latter are larger and clumsier than the Japanese jinrikishas. We almost missed the Fat Shan, which was ready to start out from its wharf in the Chinese quarters. Being desirous to see something of the native Chinese passengers, we took our chances with them for that night's trip in second class passage.

Hong Kong was gradually lost to view as the great river boat picked its way between the islands towards the mouth of the Takiang or Pearl River. The hills and mountains one by one gave way to the low banks of the river and the scenery became uninteresting. As it was getting dusk and quite chilly above, we went below where one-half of the

boat was portioned off for second class. There were no berths, but the Chinese were sitting and lying in groups all over the spacious floor. Travelers in the Orient always carry a supply of blankets and mats, so that they can make themselves comfortable on any conveyances where there is room. On this boat there were a number of groups, who kept up their laughing and chatting until twelve o'clock, playing cards or dominoes and smoking opium the meanwhile. Men, women and children lay indiscriminately around on the floor, seemingly comfortable in spite of the hardness of the couch. Some of them had brought their Chinese pillows along. They are nothing else than a short billet of wood shaped like a railroad rail, only a little higher. This the Chinese do not place under their heads, but under their necks, as they lie on their backs, so that the head dangles over it without any support: seems more like an instrument of torture than an article of comfort.

A Parsee merchant, engaged in the commission business, kept us awake a few hours, talking in broken English of Canton and the silk business. He knew a great deal of the Christian religion and seemed to think that it was nothing else than an offspring of the Zoroastrian doctrines. If what he said is true, the Parsees, who are the followers of Zoroaster, do not adore the sun or fire, but they

only honor it as the most appropriate symbol of the Almighty. He would not smoke and said, it is a desecration of the fire which is holy. He wore the peculiar Parsee cap, something like the headdress of the Jewish highpriests. I understood that this sort of headgear is worn by the Parsees on account of a promise, which they had made to a king in the north of India at the time of their forced emigration from Persia. The wearing of this sort of a cap was made the condition under which they should be allowed to settle in that part of India.

We stretched ourselves on the hard benches and took what sleep we could during the chilly hours of the night. When the morning dawned, I thought at first the boat had struck a sand bar, for it lay motionless in the morning-fog between the low banks of the river. However the cause of the delay turned out to be something quite different. Although this boat makes a few trips a week to Canton, yet it cannot enter within its limits without a special permit every time. The Chinese officials kept us waiting for nearly an hour and a half. Then the steamer slowly resumed its way for several miles up the river, until it arrived in the very midst of a wilderness of boats and sampans.

As soon as the owners of the sampans noticed strangers on board, they crowded around with

EMBARKING, ORIENT

their boats to offer their services for a ride along the river. We hired one that was occupied by a whole family as oarsmen. The sampan is made of rough unpainted boards, tapering out at the prow, but square at the stern with two flaps on each side. Ours was about eighteen feet long and in its middle a mat was stretched over a half-round framework, like the covering of our prairie schooners, giving shelter against the sun's rays. The fore part and the stern were decked over and formed sleeping apartments, about 18 inches high, for the family of the boat owners. By the time they die, they must, no doubt, be well used to the narrow quarters of a coffin, for they spend their whole lives on these boats. Among the 500,000 Cantonese that live in these small houseboats, there are tens of thousands of women, who probably never set their foot on terra firma. The bosom of the broad river and both banks are crowded with these boats, forming three or four impenetrable rows on each side. As soon as we had taken our places an old woman, who must have been at least eighty years old, seized the paddle in the rear and standing on the rude planks, began to scull up stream to the right bank of the river. Some of the small children helped along at the side with other paddles, while the man at the bows kept the sampan clear from the numerous boats that swarmed up and down the river. As our

time was limited, we had hired a guide by the name of Wong a Yew, who ordered the boatman to bring us to the most remarkable temple in Canton—the temple of Honan.

Crowding in toward the shore between the hundreds of moored boats, we arrived at the foot of the stairs leading upward under the great torii of the temple ground. Here thousands of years of paganism had covered the spacious enclosure with rambling groups of dark temples, large and small, shrines, priests' houses, gardens, crematories, many acres in extent. At the entrance stand in huge grotesqueness the figures of the guardian gods of the four winds. The grimaces on them are terrific and the mustaches will outsweep that of any mimic Napoleon or Polish nobleman. Passing on beneath magnificent camphor and banyan trees, we peered into the dark halls of the main temple of the three Buddhas, where their towering gilded figures are surrounded by sixteen minor gods.

As regards artistic design and carving, they fall short of the Japanese temples, but in regard to grotesqueness, the Chinese statues and temples no doubt outdo anything on the face of the earth. On we passed through intricate passages, between the bonzes' houses, under many vaulted doors to the great Indian goddess. This had been brought as a trophy to this place a thousand years ago and

placed on its high pedestal in the midst of a collection of male gods. Ghastly it stared down from a height of 40 feet, in barbaric splendor under the vaults of the high, windowless building. It was just now being repaired and regilded. Behind these groups of temples were spacious gardens, with rows of shrubs and trees, skillfully trimmed to represent different kinds of animals and men. The ponds were overgrown with the lotus lily, and, circling around in the background, stood the crematories and the monuments containing the ashes of distinguished dead. The bodies of the poorer Chinese are doubled up and pressed into boxes in order to be cremated, this being apparently the occupation of some of the bonzes living on the temple grounds.

At this early hour, for it was not yet eight, we met few people during our ramble. In the foggy morning the whole caused an impression of hideous decay and listlessness and at the same time we wondered how the minds of men can be enthralled by such a distortion of religion and worship for any length of time. It seems to me a most evident proof of the necessity of religion for the human being; else certainly these people would rather do without religion than cling so tenaciously to such ghastly and monstrous aberrations of the mind. The guide told us, that in later hours of the day these grounds

swarmed with people, who come to worship before the hideous idols. The grounds are a gathering place for venders of small articles, for the loiterers and the gossips. I saw no collection boxes like those in the Japanese temples, but the revenues must nevertheless be considerable, since one of the richest bankers of Canton is the owner and the chief bonze of one of the best kept temples in these grounds.

Our guide, Wong a Yew, drummed out a bonze who lived in one of a long row of houses connected with the main temple. This bonze ushered us into his parlor and offered us some sweetmeats in a very polite manner. His dwelling was comfortably furnished, though he probably was not getting an excessive rake-off from the temple revenues. Before we left the grounds, we were introduced also to the above mentioned banker-bonze, who went by the name of Ha-Ko. A large area was occupied by his own private temple, summerhouses, gardens, dwellings, wives' apartments and club rooms. The gardens were artistically laid out. Many of the seats and couches in the summerhouse were of inlaid or enameled porcelain and bronze, to serve as cool resting places in warm weather. The apartments, which were delightfully airy, were furnished with richest silk upholstered furniture, costly inlaid tables and silk tapestry. He showed us also the

club, or meeting rooms of the bonzes. These were near his own private dwelling and were furnished with richly decorated altars of gods, red silk cushioned chairs and couches, lackered and gilt woodwork. Ha-Ko's family belonged to the priestly cast. Though it was not yet eight o'clock, he nevertheless received us very politely and accompanied us on our tour of inspection. He kept shy, however, of a long row of apartments, saying that they were occupied by his selection of wives and their attendants, and that the hour was too early for seeing that part of his residence. With a few changes in the arrangement and in the style of furniture, Ha-Ko's establishment would easily have been changed into a villa of some European nabob.

The streets of Canton seem to be kept rather cleaner than is ordinary in Chinese cities; but they are just as narrow as those of Shanghai. The streets not devoted to business are only narrow lanes between two bare and high walls. The Chinese are not prone to show their wealth in the outward appearance of their city dwellings. Their houses are shut in by high walls and the passerby can judge of the wealth of the inhabitants only by a glimpse through the grated portals in the wall. The decorated dwelling and the beautiful garden will then easily convince him that the owner must be wealthy. But by far the greater portion of the

population is abjectly poor and their dwellings are most miserable hovels, or, as we have seen, rude sampans. Some of the main streets seem to be swept and nicely cleaned, but the rough cobble-stones are worn smooth by the swarms that scurry along all day, eagerly intent on all sorts of business. The booths and shops, especially those along the streets bordering the river bank, are long rows of open shanties, where each merchant piles up his small stock of goods as much as possible in full view, while he himself stands or sits amid his merchandise, keenly watching for prospective buyers. As a general rule, each one deals in one certain kind of commodity, and this, no doubt, accounts for the countless number of shops, which is much greater than even the reported two millions of inhabitants of Canton seem to warrant. As a general thing, the stranger is not molested in Canton; the natives passed us without much concern, only now and then a concealed contempt might be noticed in the faces of the well-to-do. As for the merchants, the only gage by which they judge of the stranger, is the amount of trade to be gotten out of him. The Chinaman is the keenest tradesman wherever he is found outside of China, and he is not backward in this regard in his own country, you may be sure. He is satisfied with small profits—wherever he cannot get larger—but on the whole, I think that he is

not apt to overcharge so much as the tradesmen in India. Perhaps that is because the Chinaman is not so bold and more politic in his demands. He probably recognizes the fact that a little honesty is good to cover up much cheating and lying. Thus, while he does not make such occasional large profits as his Indian brother, he makes a great many small ones and some larger ones in between. The fact is, that wherever he sets up his business, he is seen to prosper sooner than any other tradesman.

The French Catholic missionaries have a flourishing mission in Canton. The Cathedral is in the Gothic style, almost the only European building in Canton, of course exclusive of the European settlement, on the other side of the Pearl river. Missionary work in China is carried on with success by the Catholics, for these missionaries sacrifice themselves entirely, identifying themselves with the people and becoming in their dress and habits to all intents and purposes a part of the nation, in order to gain souls for Christ.

The Chinese are at the bottom more a nation of materialists than of heathens; for the fusion of Buddhism and Confucianism, which compose their religions, is nothing else than a gross materialism hidden beneath the cult of thousands of gods. All their idols represent more or less the forces of nature, which they try to make propitious to them

by their religious observances. The idea of an all powerful and supreme Ruler is almost entirely obscured beneath mere earthly conceptions and aims. The after life of the soul has nothing of spirituality and real immortality about it in their estimation, and its happiness or unhappiness after death is pictured to their minds under entirely material colors. Hence it is not easy to convert the Chinese; the Christian conceptions of the Almighty and of the immortality of the soul are too far above their way of thinking. The Catholic converts are mostly from the ranks of the poor and lowly, and the missionaries must not only be able to offer them the word of God, but also the prospect of obtaining a living after conversion, if they wish to have any success.

It is no joke for a Chinese malefactor, or even for an innocent person, to be brought before the tribunal of justice in China. Let him bring some friend with him, who can "speak for him," for otherwise he is delivered over to certain torture or death. At his very entrance into the dingy court rooms, fear will take possession of his heart. At the farther end, on a raised platform, sits the portly judge; no compassion in his broad face. At each side are attendants; before him in front of the platform, are the jailors and executioners. They stand ready at the beck of the judge to

apply all the instruments of torture that litter the room. From the narrow passage one of the trembling wretches is now brought in. On his knees he crawls up toward the platform with head bowed almost to the ground.

He is accused of being one of the river pirates. The judge asks whether there is anyone to "speak for him." Nobody appears. Well, what has he to say for himself? The victim sees his fate already sealed. If he pleads guilty, instant sentence of death will fall from the lips of the judge; if he denies his guilt, he will be torn to pieces by those instruments of torture until he does plead guilty. With chattering teeth and a blank stare he remains mute. Terror has robbed him of speech. The judge orders him to be stripped of his torn and thin clothes up to the waist. At another sign from the judge one of the jailors seizes a split bamboo rod and lets the swishing strokes rain down on the bare back. Each stroke makes a double welt across the body. The moaning of the victim fills the hall but he dares not utter a word during the pause which the executioner makes in the flogging, for he dreads immediate sentence of death, if he confesses. Again the bamboo is applied, until the back of the accused is one gashing wound, his eyes bulge out and pain distorts every muscle of his face. But fear still paralyzes the poor pirate.

There are many others waiting, however, and the judge will not waste time. He gives an angry order. A movable frame is brought into the middle of the room, a little toward one side. Through a hole in this frame about four feet from the floor, the pigtail of the moaning victim is drawn, his head is jerked up and the queue is securely fastened on the other side. Then a tough cord is fastened to each thumb and the ends of these cords are drawn through other holes and are stretched out on the frame. Like cords are tied to his toes and these are also fastened through the movable wall about a foot above the floor. Thus the victim of the law hangs by his thumbs and by his hair on the unyielding boards, only his knees slightly touching the floor. Facing the stern judge in this torturing position, he is left to figure out for himself whether it would not be better to speak and end the agony.

But even if he should wish to speak now he may have to endure this torture for hours and days, until it shall please the judge to hear him. Or if he hesitates too long in spite of the pain, the judge may at any moment order all the other instruments of torture, that stand and hang around the room to be put in requisition. No wonder that many of the criminals submit stoically to the death sentence for they know but too well, that justice can substitute a slow, lingering death for the swift

one of the sword. It is better to be led out into yonder courtyard and bow the head to one swift stroke of the executioner's axe, than to be chained to a stone flag and thrown into a dark vault without power of moving hands or feet, or to have one's head fastened in the square frame of the kang too high to stand, except on the toes, and too low to end life by hanging from the neck, or to be fastened by hands, feet and neck in the stocks and left to die a slow, lingering death.

Chinese justice is but the tyranny of hell, modeled after the fierce cruelty of their merciless gods, untempered with mercy. Woe to the victim that falls into its clutches: unless he has money or friends, his guilt is presumed, and he must prove his innocence, else Chinese justice will glut itself with his writhing torments.

Canton is cut up by numerous canals, connecting with the Takiang river and through it, with the whole of China. Trade with the interior is carried on by houseboats of all sizes, and hundreds of thousands of people, that make these boats their home, ply up and down the canals and the river in the neighborhood of Canton. A gorgeous flowerboat, with double decks like a small river steamer, was moving up stream, when, through the winding streets, we again came to the banks of the river. There are a great number of these boats, not only

for the sale of flowers, but as pleasure resorts, where rich Chinese hold their receptions and parties. When a Chinaman wants to entertain his friends he hires one of these flowerboats for the day or for the night. He sends out invitations and at the appointed time he and his friends are received in grand style by the boat owners. A banquet is in readiness, the strains of music resound, young maidens attired in rich and pleasing costumes glide about, attending to the wants of the guests, and in pleasant conversation the time passes away, altogether free and untrammeled by the restraints of home or family.

From Canton we wanted to take passage on a small steamer to Macao, the Portuguese colony on one of the mouths of the Takiang river. In order to put us aboard the steamer a small houseboat took us in charge. It was tenanted by about eight or ten persons and the women did the sculling, one of them with an infant lashed behind to her shoulders. Just as we neared the boat, which was to take us to Macao, a collision of two houseboats occurred and a coolie dropped overboard. Nobody seemed to mind it and the coolie had to clamber up the side of his boat as best he could. He simply took off the few dripping rags in full view and probably got along with a minimum of clothing for the rest of that day.

The covered deck in the rear of the steamboat, where we had that day cast our lot with some fifty celestials of the poorer class, presented a scene distinctly Chinese. Each one, and we were no exception, sought some place to sit or move about among the bales of merchandise, that took in most of the floor space. Groups of Chinese formed themselves, squatting on the floor or on the packages of freight, or lying in the shelved bunks along the sides. They all seemed a very quiet set, conversing only in low tones, or smoking opium in a dark corner. Near us, seated on some packages, were four Chinamen playing cards nearly all day without uttering more than a few low monosyllables at long intervals. Their cards were not wider than perhaps half of an inch and about four inches long. There were seventy-two of them, covered with red and black spots from one to twelve, and all were dealt out in rotation, one at a time, to each of the players. The game seemed to consist in eliminating certain kinds and being able to retain others. Sometimes they would throw down 7 or 8 at a time. They dexterously held forty or fifty cards, spread out in neat fan-like shape between two fingers. The grand stake was a "cash," or one-twelfth of a cent, that is, one of the perforated brass coins. Stoically they played on, having about them a circle of interested onlookers

most of the time. What indifference to loss or gain! Almost like that of their white brother gamblers in Monte Carlo or some other dive. I think one of them lost at least twenty or thirty of those brass coins that day. Well, maybe he was a millionaire, but he did not have the appearance of one.

Of course we were scanned with curious eyes, but in such a way that it was not irksome. A small boy planted himself in front of us and watched our every motion for some time. I gave him some "cashes" and he scampered away to his father to show him the present. But we had not bargained for what happened next. The father came up from the rear with a basket, that had the dirt of generations clinging to it. He began to spread out on a box before us, its uninviting contents. I afterwards found out, that they were new year's offerings, brought from some temple in Canton, and that they were intended as special gifts for his family at home. He nearly emptied his precious store in his eagerness to please us. But we were hard to please. We looked too much on the outside of things. If we could only bring ourselves to take a hearty bite through the dirty crust of that riceball, we would perhaps see that it tastes better than it looks. Or what difference should it make to see that others, perhaps mice or (who knows?) perhaps the grinning

gods in that temple had nibbled at the pastry? Or why did we only look at that greasy lump of fish and meat? We probably missed our only chance of tasting rat-meat, or snake-meat, as is fit only for the gods! By the bye, anything would be fit for the Chinese gods. That Chinaman must have taken us for queer people. To look at such a selection of viands, and scarcely taste them! But we preferred to let him wonder, or to let him think that we were far ahead of any of the bonzes or Buddhist monks in matters of mortification and abstinence.

A young Chinese, much more decent in appearance than the rest, had been eyeing me very closely as I said my office, and had scrutinized the gold cross on my watchchain several times. He came up after some time and taking hold of the cross, asking me by the help of a few French words and by making the sign of the cross, whether I was a Catholic. I learned that he belonged to the large congregation of Chinese Catholic in charge of the priests of the Canton Cathedral. His name was Ching Chu How and the difference between him and his heathen companions, even as far as the exterior is concerned, was clearly apparent. Christianity in these heathen countries is connected with great sacrifices, and therefore true converts, if they remain steadfast for any length of time, must cer-

tainly practice all the Christian virtues from sincere conviction. Nobody remains a sham Catholic there for a long time; it does not pay. The ennobling influences of divine faith therefore become apparent in a short time in their whole bearing. In the case of this young man it had given to his face a certain refinement and nobleness, which I think I would have noticed even if I had not been told, that he was a Christian. He belonged to the same poor class of people as those lying around, but there was absent about his person the slovenliness, the slinking secrecy, the signs of hidden vices and indulgences so much in evidence on the countenances of most of the others. For nearly the whole day this young Chinese kept near us, though he could speak but little with us, nor we with him, except in signs. Even his mere presence was, to me at least, a pleasure.

What we have seen of the Chinese so far impressed us with their peaceable and unobtrusive disposition and I am inclined to lay the blame for the uprisings in the interior to the greed and haughtiness of the Europeans, encroaching upon the rights and territories of Chinese. It is no doubt also a significant fact, that the white inhabitants doing business or holding office in the Chinese seaports and in India, freely accuse the Protestant missionaries of insincerity, greediness and of calling

too much on the support of their governments in order to push their indiscreet efforts at conversion. How true this accusation is, we were not in a position to ascertain. It is, however, well known that the Protestant convert seldom leaves Buddhism or Brahmanism in sincere conviction. As Protestant missions are well supplied with money and influence, the natives very often forswear heathenism merely for worldly advancement.

Even this, no doubt, is an improvement on his former state, whenever it is lasting; but the trouble is, that it is mostly only a temporary change and has the effect of loosening the good moral principles, which even Buddhism and Confucianism, or even a worse form of heathenism, indirectly inculcates in the human heart. As soon as the material benefit accruing from the acceptance of the Christian faith ceases, those that are not sincere converts fall away from all Christian restraint and are apt to be set adrift in regard to all religious convictions.

It is the common complaint of business people in the Orient that unfaithful converts to Christianity are far more perverse than the heathens themselves. Of course, this, in itself, is not yet an argument against all missionary work among the heathens; but it assumes a very discouraging aspect, when the number of unfaithful converts far out-

strips the faithful ones, which is bound to be the only result of buying converts in heathen countries. It is on this account, that many practical business men and clear-sighted white residents of these countries, though they themselves are good Christian men, see no good in missionaries and, in fact, are positively hostile toward the whole missionary propaganda among heathen nations. We admit, that they go too far in their wholesale condemnation. This hostile spirit of white residents partly extends also to the Catholic missionaries, though the results of their labors are much more stable and satisfactory.

At about four o'clock we came in sight of the port of Macao and its yellow rows of buildings. It is built on a spur of the mountain, which runs into the ocean in the shape of a half moon. On the highest hill, in the midst of the town, the charred walls of the facade of the cathedral of St. Paul stand forth. The sky glares through the Gothic openings of the top windows of the facade, revealing from afar the architectural outlines of the once magnificent structure. These aspiring ruins are an impressive reminder of the dire results of the expulsion of the Jesuits and the destruction of their missions through the machinations of Pombal in 1773.

After leaving the steamer, a rickshaw took us up

the steep incline of the crooked streets to the new Jesuit college. Here I expected to meet the Rev. W. H., S. J., a former fellow student at college. He had not yet returned from his walk, but a Portuguese father, who had received us at the gate, showed us through the college, the church and the gardens. The college is built on a rocky plateau and its long, vaulted corridors and rows of rooms and study-halls could accommodate ten times the number of its present students and professors. Outside in the gardens and playgrounds the small and large students were making the chill air resound with gleeful shouts and laughter, no less than our boys are accustomed to do. They were mostly of Portuguese descent and their behavior toward us and the father was very polite and respectful. In the garden is a banyan tree, the stem of which is nearly ten feet in circumference, and it dates back to the beginnings of the college.

Our Portuguese conductor offered to accompany us on a rickshaw ride around Macao, a proposition which we heartily endorsed. He spoke no English, but managed along with French. Down along the esplanade skirting the harbor's edge, ran our three coolies with their rickshaws and afterwards up to the parks on the plateau, which were very tastefully laid out and well kept. Climbing up the mountain side, we visited also the military hospital.

On a still higher ledge stood the ancient lighthouse and the beautiful chapel, said to have been built by Vasco de Gama himself. From our elevated position we could survey the whole city. Above the rest of the buildings rose the churches of the Jesuits, the Dominicans, Augustinians and the native or Chinese Catholic church. Nearly all the Chinese of this neighborhood have long ago been converted to the Catholic faith and the Chinese quarters differ little from the European portions of the town.

On re-entering the university we were welcomed by the kind voice of Father Hornsby, who with the exception of a thin beard, had not altered in the long years of sacrifice in a strange and inhospitable country. He had lived in China all the time and had only recently been transferred to Macao University, principally in order to teach English. I passed a few pleasant hours with friend Hornsby. We were, of course, invited to stay over night in the college. It must have been a grand institution in the prosperous days of Portuguese rule. Now, however, its long-stretched corridors are almost empty, and our footfalls in passing over the rough floors as darkness set in, seemed but the faint echoes of thousands of nimblefooted students of bygone times. What massive walls, still covered with the coarse plastering of 150 years ago! What rough

HISTORIC BANYAN, JESUIT COLLEGE, MACAO

hewn door frames and panels, what antiquated, simple furniture in each room! At nine o'clock all life had died away in the extensive building and its inmates lay buried in sleep, until the shrieking gong resounded at half past four in the morning and roused the slumberers. No doubt for a few hundred years, with the exception of the time during which the order was suppressed, the gong had sounded the same hours of retirement and awakening.

After morning service, Father Hornsby was again at our side. He showed us the cherished relic of St. Francis Xavier: his arm encased in a silver shrine, in one of the chapels of the institution. Sancian, where the Saint ended his life, is one of the neighboring islands. His body was taken to Goa, while one of his arms remained here.

It was time to catch the Hung Shang for our return to Hong Kong, and Father Hornsby insisted on accompanying us to the wharf. On the way down we visited an opium distillery. The dried lotus plant is imported mostly from India in the shape of compressed balls, about ten inches in diameter. Along the walls of the factory, over open fires, flat bottomed copper pans were half filled with the dried lotus plants and water. This mixture is boiled down to the consistency of syrup, pressed through a strainer to separate the leaves

and then hermetically sealed in metal boxes. Coolies were tending to the fires and the boiling liquids, from which arose noisome fumes. The whole establishment looked like an extensive blacksmith shop with many forges ablowing.

The wharf was crowded with people, for everywhere we noticed that the Orientals are great travelers. A hearty shaking of hands, many friendly adieus, and we were again on board the steamer. As the boat moved away we saw the good priest wending his way up the steep street to the university, turning round once more to wave adieu. Will he ever return homeward to see the friends of his youth? He will, if the gentle call of his superiors is wafted over watery wastes to his attentive ears.

As the vessel rounded the peninsula, on which Macao is built, the morning sun shone brightly on the receding panorama of light-colored buildings, that rose in tiers up the hill sides. During our passage to Hong Kong a pair of deckhands armed with rifles paced up and down the deck of the steamer. The captain bluntly answered to my inquiry about them: "One never knows at what moment some of these yellow-skins may rise to execute some devilish scheme or other." I conjectured, that it must be a remnant of the precaution against pirates of former times; or else it was merely a piece of swaggering humbug of these Eng-

lish invaders. The vessel picked its way between headlands and islands scattered on all sides. Heavy mists began to fall over the rugged mainland, driven along and sometimes parted by the gusts of wind. The fitful sunshine would now and then light up the swiftly moving mists, that looked like white monsters playing hide and seek among the hilltops.

At noon again the glorious surroundings of Hong Kong city and harbor came into view. The wharf where we landed was swarming with Chinese craft: sampans, bamboo-ribbed sails, junks with grotesque prows and larger vessels with huge eyes painted in glaring colors on each side. After taking a few snapshots with our camera, we started out on a stroll through the Chinese quarters of Hong Kong. It is, of course, under strict supervision of the English government and so the streets are kept in a clean and sanitary condition. The buildings are a continued row of four or five storied buildings with pillared porches for each story and shops of all kinds in the ground floor; they must have been intended as a sort of compromise between Chinese houses and modern business buildings on a small scale. But the manners and habits of the Chinese undergo little change in whatever houses they live, or in whatever country.

The streets offered a busy scene: rickshaw men

by the score, hurrying to and fro; coolies under their umbrella hats, staggering under the heavy loads suspended on each side from their yokesticks; ox-teamsters, urging their patient beasts through the streets. The shops presented a yet stranger sight: naked coolies treading on the ends of beams to raise the huge pounding-stones over grain pits; whole families squatting in front of warehouses sewing tea-sacks; cobblers pounding away at the soles of queer-looking shoes; rattan plaiters, almost buried under the long bamboo-splits to make all sorts of useful articles; junk-dealers, groping around in their dark corners among their worthless metal scraps; carpenters, most ridiculously (at least to European eyes) drawing unwieldly saws toward them through thick logs in order to cut out about one decent board a day; opium-den keepers sitting in more or less (especially less) luxurious offices to await victims; drygoods shops, with their owners ready to count out yards and cash on the abacus or counting frame; tobacco shops, with all sorts of Chinese trifles to eke out the scanty stock of unsmokeable (and it seemed, unsmoked) cigars and cigarettes; peddlers, with their wares suspended from the ends of the shoulderstick, repeating their thin-voiced Chinese calls; barbers on the street corners or in their open shops, standing in front of their customers scratching off the scanty

PUBLIC PARK, MACAO

beards without soap, or plaiting the dangling queue.

My companion subjected himself to the tender mercies of one of these barbers. Bolt upright the little man had to sit on a stool without a back-rest. Then, with a knife not larger than a small penknife, and merely wetting the chin with some water, the dexterous Chinaman began to scrape the cropping beard. Soon the harvest was over, and it was a good job as far as the face was concerned; but unfortunately M. stopped short and would not allow the barber to attach one of their stock of queues. The whole operation cost him, I believe, twelve cashes, or about one and a half cents of our money. But then you must consider that the Chinese barber neither uses soap, nor did he draw any blood, or try to entertain you by conversation. All these things, of course, you are supposed to pay for in civilized countries. The Chinese barbers seem to think these additions unessential. Well, they are a perverse set, I suppose.

If you want to cause a good-sized crowd to gather in the twinkling of an eye in a Chinese street, just throw down five cents worth of cashes on the pavement. Like a shoal of minnows will they gather and there will be an amusing scamble of Chinese, young and old, to get in possession of some of the filthy lucre. While sitting in one of the shoe-shops in order to get some work done on our

footwear, we tried the experiment and very soon the street was completely blocked. But don't let them find you out as the source of this money-rain. Let them rather believe that it is dropping from the clouds. In one unguarded moment they saw us throw the miserable cashes and the consequence was that the shop was for a time simply blockaded and, after pressing through the crowds at the door, though we almost ran along the streets, we had a surging mob of Chinese following in our wake for quite a while.

The cable cars, that run up to the top of Mt. Victoria from the residence portion of Hong Kong take a zigzag course through most charming scenery. Very often a dizzy sensation seizes the passenger, as he seems to be dragged up at an angle of 45 degrees and looks down the awful declivities. Turn upon turn discloses a more charming and ever expanding view of the city and its surroundings. From the upper terminus there is still a mile of carriage roads and foot paths to the summit, but the vast expanse of scenery richly repays the exertion of climbing the ascent. Beneath us, on one side, lay Hong Kong and its blue harbor with hundreds of vessels of all sizes. Our eyes swept over the headlands, and island-gems of the circling harbor still belonging to China, while to the south we viewed a vast panorama of peaked islands

and stretches of gleaming water between, and far beyond, the rolling billows of the Yellow Sea. The slanting rays of the afternoon sun cast a mellow light over the verdant peaks and the slowly heaving ocean.

Down near the wharf, across from the palatial custom house lay the "Esmeralda," which was getting up steam for the trip to Manila, and aboard of which we had already stored our baggage. Even now it was belching forth clouds of black smoke. As the hour set for its departure was at hand, that rising volume of smoke made us anxious lest we should arrive too late to get aboard; our descent, and our rickshaw- and sampan-ride to her deck, bore all the symptoms of a stampede. The "Esmeralda" was not a very large steamer, but the accommodations were satisfactory. She is, of course, owned by the English, as is nearly all shipping in those regions. It is to be hoped that the Americans will soon enter a wedge of competition in the passenger and freight trade of these waters: many things will then be more pleasantly arranged for the traveler and the merchant as well. Our hurry was needless; it was hours before the "Esmeralda" weighed anchor and slowly glided past Hong Kong through a passage between the islands opposite to that where we had entered on the Gaelic. As darkness settled over the waters, we reached the wide expanse of the

ocean. Through the night our trusty boat swayed over the mighty swells, and up from the bottomless deep came the creeping fiend of seasickness, enthralling most of the few passengers in its sinister numbness. The weather became wet and sultry. A west wind began to sweep across our beam and raised the surging waves, that ceaselessly tossed the steamer from crested summit to deepening water-trough through all the night. So we lay helpless during the darksome hours, wedged in our narrow bunks, lulled to fitful sleep by the roaring of the sea and the creaking of the much-strained ship timbers and the thumping of the engines.

Practical Hints. — Those that have time and money can extend their trip in China indefinitely and they will find it interesting, as long as they do not get tired of riding in a mule cart or crouching under the low roofs of the river boats. One could take the steamer from Shanghai to Taku and make the short trip from there to Pekin by rail, then from Pekin by mule cart to the Great Wall. He could return to Shanghai by houseboat on the Peiho and the Imperial canal and even vary this trip by an excursion up the great Yellow or Hoang-ho River. From Shanghai he could have a steamboat to Hankow on the other great river of China,

the Yangtse Kiang, and farther, and if he wanted to get a full dose of native travel, let him jolt down on an ox or mule cart hundreds of miles from Hankow to Canton. By the time he would get to the latter city he would no doubt rank not only as a common tourist, but as a great explorer, at least great in the endurance of all kinds of hardships. A great part of the time he would have to be satisfied with the fare of the natives, which to judge from the samples that we were supposed to eat would be probably just a trifle uninviting. However, even for this there is a relief also in China: to hunger as a cook, I can give my best recommendations, as I had occasion for his services more than once on the trip.

Differences of opinion in regard to the route to be taken will infallibly arise where there are several in a party. Therefore it is best not to count upon the company of more than one or two. Where parties travel under the leadership of a guide and under contracts, as they do in the regular tourists' excursions, of course there is no choice of companions left to the individual, unless he prefers to separate altogether. I can only say that in a great many instances, he would do better to separate, even at the loss of money paid in. It is more satisfactory to follow your own inclinations at a little extra cost, than to follow listlessly in the regular routine of tourists' travel.

As regards round trip tickets for long distances, they can be had, no doubt, at reduced rates. However, the reduction in rates will not be equal to the amount one can save by taking second or third class tickets for those stretches of the journey, where the differences in the classes is not so great, or where second or third class is preferable for the purpose of seeing something of the natives of the country. If one has a round trip ticket and desires to deviate from the prescribed route, let him take care not to engage any berths beforehand on the steamers and, if possible, retain the original coupons which he has received at the starting point. It will be much easier to get a refund for unused portions of his tickets. As a general rule also it is better to buy from the transportation companies' offices direct, rather than to deal with secondary agents.

CHAPTER V

At the Edge of a Typhoon.—Past Cavite to Manila.—Quartered near the Luneta.—In Torrid Clime.—Peering into Friars' Cells.—Amid the Ruins of the War.—Jolting along a Filipino Railroad.—Up the Pasig and the Inland Lakes.—Cascoes.—Our Soldier Boys.—A visit to General Otis and Archbishop Chapelle.—Jesuit Observatory.—Roamings through Manila.—Aboard the Palitana.

The morning broke upon the storm-tossed sea, cloudy and sultry. Like a nutshell the steamer was hurled to and fro on the surging billows, for as the captain told us, we were on the ragged edge of a hurricane raging in its full force farther westward. Wave upon wave came tumbling over the low bulwarks of the steamer, which was heavily laden with war supplies for the Philippines. Once aboard, the wave would start to swish across the deck as the vessel righted itself. Not finding egress there in so short a time, back it would roll to the side on which it had entered, just in time to encounter another foaming billow swooping atop of it over the side of the vessel and uniting with it

in its oft repeated course across the deck. And so the angry play of the waves continued through the day with ceaseless rush and deafening noise. Listless, I lay on the soft cushions of the dining-room seats, oppressed by fell seasickness. There was no getting up and walking around on such a frantic deck and with such a rebellious stomach. My companion inquired sometimes, how I was getting along; I answered with grim humor, that there certainly was enough motion inside and outside of me to be "getting along" at a million miles a minute. He merely smiled in approval; he always smiled when he did not understand. I like these deaf people, especially in the noise of a storm at sea. You get a smile and an assent, though your joke is as dense as ink and as bitter as gall.

The waves continued unabated during the second day and the weather was even more damp and sultry than on the first. The dampness in these latitudes is oppressive. You almost think that you are breathing through a watersoaked sponge. At the same time you cannot come to the full conviction that you are drowning, for, while you inhale so much moisture, you feel the clammy perspiration running out of your pores in a thousand streams. The few passengers were all suffering in the same way, if not in the same degree as myself. Mr.

Havers, a drummer for the Rainier Brewing Co., Seattle, Mr. Clark, representing a Hong Kong merchant firm, and Mr. Nichols, sent by a Colorado mining company to prospect on the Philippines were about the only ones who were seen about on board ship.

But on the third day, a Monday, the sun rose over a placid sea and its glorious morning rays revealed to our left the island of Corregidor and to our right the jutting shores of Ternate of the mainland. Ahead of us lay the vast bay of Manila, while a faint smokiness in the sky indicated the site of Manila itself. The opening between Corregidor and the mainland, where alone warships can enter, is only a narrow channel and it seems strange that Dewey's ships should have passed here almost at the cannon's mouth. Only the grossest negligence on the one side, and the utmost daring on the other, could make the passage at all possible. Further on, to our right in the surf at the foot of the green hills of Ternate, lay the sad wrecks of two recently stranded vessels. The smooth waters of the bay were dotted with the odd-shaped cascoes and fishermen's boats. The steeples and wharfs of Manila appeared after a few hours and our vessel dropped her anchor about two miles from the entrance to the Pasig. Several American transports and five or six U. S. warships rode on the

gentle swell, while other vessels, in great number, were loading or unloading around us.

All was life and animation, such as probably these waters had never seen before. Three or four miles to the right, the wall of Fort Cavite rose on the low shores, while the spars and smokestacks of the unfortunate sunken Spanish warships peered above the bright sunlit waters in front of it. It must have been just such a bright morning as this, when Dewey and his gallant captains veered in semi-circle up and down the stretch of water about a mile to our right and ended Spanish possession of Manila bay. Though there may be widely different opinions concerning the justice of the cause, there can be no doubt about the magnificent courage and heroism of the deed. That the Spanish naval forces did not, or could not, make much show of resistance, only influenced the final success of the attack, but could not diminish the amount of courage required in making the onslaught. According to all appearances and according to careful comparison, the Spanish navy was superior to the American and a policy of defense rather than of attack would have been the course of ordinary courage. Dewey therefore showed the courage of heroes, not only in attempting to enter the bay, but in beginning the attack, and bringing it to so splendid a victory.

During the formalities imposed by the custom regulations and the health department, which consumed several hours, there was a pleasant interchange of opinion between the passengers on board, something which had not been possible during the rough weather on the two previous days. Most of them had lived for some time on the island and they were of opinion that the United States, after matters had come to such a point, could do nothing else than keep possession of the islands. They however probably spoke merely from a business standpoint, regardless of the right or wrong, or of the inclination of the Filipinos themselves. A guard of soldiers was left on board the "Esmeralda" to see, that the regulations incident to military rule, were not infringed upon.

Towards noon the tug brought us with our baggage to the mouth of the Pasig and up along the wharfs and warehouses to the U. S. customs building. Incredible bustle and action enlivened the river banks. Countless vessels, tugs, cascoes and sampans swarmed on the water; clumsy trucks, oxcarts, drays, handcarts, Chinese coolies and malays, almost naked, and here and there an American giving orders, horses, mules and water-buffaloes moved about among the heaps of merchandise. The U. S. custom regulations were more annoying and were enforced by a set of more

inconsiderate officials, than those of any other country. They rummaged through our hand-bags in a most unpardonable way and triumphantly appropriated an old pistol from one of my valises. The whole proceeding was ludicrous and childish and was attended to by a lot of fellows that would disgrace any Turkish dougane.

Having been released from their importunities, we proceeded along the river bank up to the bridge, which connects the Escolta or main business street of Manila with the fine driveway of the Luneta, or spacious park curving along the beach of the bay. At the bridge we hired an old-fashioned cabriolet and drove along the Luneta to its farther end, where we put up at the Grand Hotel in the Ermite addition of Manila. This hotel must have formerly been a villa, now appropriated for hotel purposes by an irascible, yet cavalierly Australian.

We had scarcely been settled in our rooms when we heard the voices of Rev. B. and V. H. sounding up from below. In their company was Rev. Mc Kinnon, the U. S. army chaplain, who now invited us all to dinner at the hotel. He had his rooms adjoining our own and he was just about to take his two accidental acquaintances to the great Jesuit observatory, before they would have to leave on their return to Hong Kong. My views as to routes, which entailed our separation, were

PASIG RIVER AT MANILA HARBOR

entirely vindicated. They had arrived only twenty-four hours before us and would have to embark today, if they did not wish to miss the P. & O. steamer in Hong Kong. We would have nearly a week in the Philippines and would very likely overtake their boat in Singapore at hardly any extra expense.

After dinner we made our preliminary tour of inspection of the business part of Manila. A cuchero took us along the walls and moat of the old town to the Spanish bridge, built in 1626 by Niños de Tavola. On the other side of this bridge begins the new addition of the last hundred years, where the main business streets of Manila are located. The Pasig river divides it from the old walled town, which dates back over three centuries. Though the sun burned fiercely down upon the pavement, the streets were full of animation. Spaniards, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Germans, Americans, especially soldiers, mingled with the Filipinos of all conditions and crowded up and down the Escolta. This part of the city presents about the same appearance as the business portions of old European towns. Though there were no strictly modern buildings, there was plenty of modern business going on in the old buildings. The Germans seemed to be holding the largest share of the trade, but the English were also well

represented. American firms had already established a number of branch houses.

The Americans have certainly given the saloon trade an immense boom, and the old as well as the new resorts of that kind were overcrowded. There was one establishment on the Escolta, the San Miquel, headquarters of the San Miquel brewery, which did a rushing business. The San Miquel is owned and managed by Bavarians and is the only one in the island, as it retains from the former government the sole monopoly of brewing and selling lager beer on tap. Its headquarters on the Escolta were newly decorated and furnished in the most sumptuous manner, as soon as the Americans made their appearance. Two hundred American soldiers were often seated at the small round tables, clamoring for the busy waiters. Not only was the drink unadulterated and delightfully cool, but the rooms themselves were a refuge against the beastly torridness outside. We laid in a stock of Manila cigars, at prices ranging about half of those in the States for the same quality of goods. But I could never fancy the odd taste about these cigars.

Scarcely a quarter of a mile from the Escolta in the new town the way leads over the bridge of Niño to the walls of the old fortified town of Manila. The walls and the moat of course are falling into decay, for of what use are walls now

against modern cannon balls? The remains of a drawbridge guarded by American soldiers, afford access over the moat to the old city gate. Immediately to the right, inside of the walls, part of the great Dominican university was being used for barracks and military headquarters. The greater portion however, of the Dominican establishment, and the church, were still occupied by the monks and students. I first entered the church, which is built in the renaissance style peculiar to the eastern colonies of Spain and Portugal. The portals are remarkable for the exquisite carvings. Inside the solemn stillness, the half-gloom of richly colored windows, the artistic decorations, the costly statues and altars are calculated to cast the charm of true Catholic devotion over pious visitors.

Seeking for some one who could give me more information, I passed through the sacristy in the rear up a wide flight of stairs, leading into the university convent. Some boys conducted me to the room of the padre sacristano. He was sitting at the open window of the spacious room, conversing with two of his confreres. They were stoutly built men in the white Dominican habit and their dark complexion easily betrayed them as Spaniards. They did not recognize me as a priest, until I told them, and even then I somewhat suspect, that they doubted, whether I was not

after all a Protestant minister. I was dressed as a traveler, though with my Roman collar, but they do not seem to recognize that as a part of the clerical dress. Nevertheless they made me welcome, though I had intruded so unceremoniously. With the help of the Spanish that I had learnt and the smattering of English, that one of them knew, we managed well enough. They began to get curious in their questioning about the United States, but showed no ill disposition towards the change in government. As far as I could gather from their conversation, they would be satisfied with any arrangement which the new state of affairs would necessitate in regard to their future.

I purposely mentioned the hostility of the natives to their and other orders. But that did not seem to cause them much concern. Most of it is only an exaggerated report to begin with. If their hostility could not be overcome, they said they would seek refuge in Spain or some other country and find plenty of work to do. In the meantime they were trying to accustom themselves to the new state of affairs and they had even now introduced the study of English as a regular branch in the curriculum of the university. I afterwards met several other monks who had already learnt English very well. They invited me to remain a few days and I would no doubt

have been their guest during my stay in Manila, if consideration for my companion had not precluded such a course. The friar showed me the extensive college buildings and the church. Here were abundant proofs of the good, which the monks have done on the islands. For over 200 years the youths of the islands have been educated in these spacious halls. The black teak floor-deals of the wide corridors and spacious rooms were worn smooth by the feet of many generations of young people, who have received training not inferior to that of European countries. Hosts of generous souls have occupied the cells and issued forth from them in their errands of piety and devotion for the welfare of the people among which they had settled. In the church are works of high art produced by the very natives whom they had educated, and the church itself is a monument of the zeal of the monks in the service of God. Surely here the visitor finds no corroboration of the exaggerated accusations and silly slanders which envy has spread in America about the Philippine monk.

Just one word about these accusations. It is said, that the Filipinos are especially hostile to the Dominicans, Augustinians and Recollects; that they accuse them of exorbitant greed and laxity in morals. It is a noted fact however, that not

the best elements of the Filipino people are the originators of the accusations. People of the stamp of Aguinaldo, rebels to the Spanish as well as to the American government, and renegades to their faith, are the loudest in their accusations. Any sane person will at once see, that such persons will make much of even ordinary lapses and will, without regard to truth or justice, exaggerate the real faults of those, that will not join in their treason. Against their accusations, however, stands the incontrovertible fact that the monks have civilized the islands, have converted the people to the faith and dotted the whole country with churches and schools. If some abuses have crept in, they are accidental and they cannot vitiate the good already done. The monks are accused of greediness, but by far the greater portion of their temporal acquisitions are applied for the good of religion. Their numerous and rich churches are places of worship for the people; their colleges and schools serve to educate the young; their landed possessions on the islands afford not only the funds for the maintenance of the churches and schools, but give employment and support to hundred thousands of Filipinos, who would otherwise be left to their own resources. Besides, even if the monks were to use all their possessions merely for selfish ends, wherein would be the wrong? Were

they not the first settlers and the first civilizers? Who blames the great land owners of our country, or of England, because they dare to hold their possessions for their own use?

Wherein probably these monks made a mistake, is in mixing themselves up too freely with the Spanish government of the islands. In many of the smaller places, where they were established as parish priests, they had also the office of alcade, attending to the administration of justice and collection of taxes. Of course this is foreign to their institute and they now pay the heavy penalty of disaffection among a portion of the people. But at the same time, in the beginning of the civilization of the natives, this office in many places almost naturally devolved upon the missionary. If they would have withdrawn from such service, when no longer necessary, no harm would have come from it. The work of converting the natives and of building churches had been so exclusively done by them, that naturally the entire government of church affairs was in their hands to the exclusion of the secular clergy, the more so, since the bishops all belonged to religious orders. Consequently the native secular priests were mere curates, depending for their positions upon the monks. This is an abnormal condition of affairs in the Catholic church and against the spirit of

monasticism. When monks become ambitious to govern and monasteries try to enrich themselves through the incomes of the church, they are bound to get into trouble much sooner than secular priests. Their usefulness in a country is much impaired and some one, wicked and unjust enough, will inevitably turn up to raise the storm that sweeps them out of the country. God watches over His chosen ones and will send the hurricane, which transplants the good seed remaining in a religious order to other regions, where they will take root and bring forth the fruits of eternal life in new labors. Prosperity is the ruin of many a man; too much material prosperity is also the poisonous leaven that destroys the usefulness of religious orders and causes them to die a violent death in some regions of the globe, in order that they may rise with renewed life and vigor in other places and times. This is probably what will happen with the monks in the Philippines, and, as we have seen, they are not unaware of the probable outcome.

Then, as to the accusations of immorality which have been so boldly made it would be strange, if among so great a number of men, one or the other would not have fallen in the course of three centuries. The cases are so few, that to make the accusation of immorality against the whole order, would be the grossest slander. Envy and hate

have magnified a hundred fold a few transgressions, which perhaps have happened years ago and for which the guilty ones have been severely disciplined. The enemies of the faith pounce upon these exaggerated accusations, like vultures on the rotting carcass, and hold a sumptuous feast of vilification and calumny, disgusting to every well-informed and unprejudiced mind.

In short, if the full truth could be brought out, I have no doubt that the religious orders in the Philippines would soon stand before the world as great benefactors through whom alone Christianity came to the natives and the advantages of civilization. That in the course of several centuries the persistent pioneers should grow rich and influential, that they should make the mistake of interfering in the worldly government and not yet have given up their hold on it, and that a few instances of illicit intercourse should occur, is not surprising. They do not claim to be angels yet, though they are, as a whole, striving to approach that state. We do not blame other men, who accumulate possessions by honest exertions, especially if they benefit the country thereby; we do not kill off a whole stock of race horses because one or two of that breed happened to stumble in the last races over some obstruction on the race track. Why should we then insist on just that

kind of treatment for the monks in the Philippines? Are they outlaws, to be condemned and shot at sight? We consider lynching a crime: the accused gets no fair trial. The monks in the Philippines get no trial at all. The criminal in the court of law is presumed innocent until a specific crime is proved against him, though he bears the worst of records. The monk is presumed guilty of the most abhorrent conduct and immediately condemned on hearsay, though the proofs of a most excellent public and private life speak loudly in his praise.

During my stay the soldiers frequently asked whether peace would not be declared soon. They were not doing much fighting and they were getting tired of serving as police, guards, patrolmen and in other positions of civil government. No serious encounters had happened in the past few weeks. The farmers in country districts were resuming their work in the fields. The Filipinos as a whole are of a peaceful disposition. A few ring-leaders at the head of armed hands may keep the interior of the country in alarm for some time, yet they will no doubt submit afterwards and be satisfied with American rule. However, after the insurrection has once been entirely suppressed, it is an open question whether it would not be better to give the islands their independence, on the score both of utility and of justice.

In the evening Mr. Havers proposed a walk up the Calle de Ermita, on which avenue our hotel is situated. It was a beautiful moonlit night and as we walked along, the aromatic scent of tropical plants filled the gentle breezes. Farther up the street we passed some beautiful residences and clubhouses, surrounded by luxurious gardens where the lights gleamed out from the dark foliage. Returning on a neighboring and parallel street we heard, now and then, light banter and soft strains of music, proceeding from the trees and shrubbery that surrounded these more modest dwellings of natives. A patrol of American soldiers was met at every block, singularly out of place on thèse quiet and peaceful avenues.

We were late in going to rest, for the heat was oppressive even in the night, and much more so for people who had come from a country, where at this time of the year they are accustomed to be kept busy piling coals upon the fires. The beds were a sort of couch made of woven caning, with a few sheets for covering. Posts at each corner of the couch support the mosquito netting, that is supposed to ward off the winged and blood-thirsty musicians of the night. On account of their persistent attacks and the sultry heat we had little sleep, though all the windows and slides were open like in a summer house and though we were well tired out by the day's sight-seeing.

Since 5 o'clock in the morning I had heard the bell of San José church in the next block giving the signals for the beginning of masses and calling the faithful to attend the services. Father McKinnon is quasi-rector of this church for the foreign Catholics, while a Jesuit attends to the special needs of the Filipinos of the parish. Every morning when I arrived to celebrate mass, I found quite a number of the faithful devoutly kneeling on the hard stone flags of the pavement, while a number of retired or extern priests offered up the daily sacrifice. The San José church, though once no doubt a fine edifice, was much out of repair.

On one of the mornings a Filipino couple were just getting married. They were kneeling in front of the communion railing with their relatives and friends. From the number of women present, I conjectured, that here, just as in Chicago, a marriage ceremony is sure to attract the women in much greater number than the men. While the priest was saying the prayers and witnessed their marriage vows, a wreath of flowers was wound around the bride and bridegroom, entwining them both together, a beautiful symbol of the sacramental bond, that from now on would unite them forever in life and death. During low mass it is the rule here to burn four candles, which in other countries is a privilege of the bishops only. At the

church doors candles were bought by some of the devout and seemingly well-to-do Filipinos; these they lighted as they entered the church, and moved on their knees from the rear of the church over the stone floor to the communion railing.

After Mass we procured a letter of recommendation from Rev. McKinnon to the captain in charge of the railroad to Dagupan and easily obtained permission to board the north-going train. The railroad was still in the hands of the military and was reserved exclusively for the use of soldiers going and coming to Manila from outlying posts. Several hundreds of them were on our train of battered cars and we obtained seats in one of the better coaches only by the courtesy of some of the officers. The train was made up of third and fourth class European coaches, that must have seen at least forty years of hard service. Going out we passed through a district, which seems to be the native quarter of Manila. It swarmed with Chinese, Malays, and Filipinos in all descriptions of dress and undress. Most of the lower class of laborers, carriers, draymen, freightmen, being Chinese or Malay coolies, have merely a covering around the middle, while the hot sun strikes down mercilessly on the other parts of their dusky bodies. The Filipinos mostly wear white duck, and as a general thing the women are decently

dressed. The houses in this part of town are but mere huts made of bamboo and covered with thatched roofs.

Along the road the signs of the late war or insurrection were everywhere evident. Especially around the straggling towns that we passed after we had left Manila, the remains of breastworks, and battered walls of buildings, were frequent.

Nearly all the churches along the way were blackened heaps of ruins. Every foot of ground northward to Dagupan was obstinately contested by the Filipino insurgents and they naturally entrenched themselves in the stronger buildings, such as stationhouses, warehouses, factories and churches. The fact, that they invariably set fire to churches before they were forced to leave, speaks very unfavorably for the leaders of the insurrection. The ravages of war were particularly frequent around the towns of Calumpit, Giuciuto and Malolos. We passed several sluggish rivers, among which were the Bagbag and Rio Grande del Panango, across which General Funston is said to have swum gun in hand. As a rule, the soldiers were doing well, only a small percentage of the 65,000 then on the islands being troubled by the ordinary complaints of dysentery, malaria or the dobe itch. They are certainly well taken care of by Uncle Sam and are abundantly supplied with all the neces-

saries. Foreigners are surprised at the vast expenditure which the Americans are making for supplies. On the whole the Americans seem to make good soldiers, but they are too apt to indulge in cursing and swearing and to treat the natives with great disdain.

Browsing in the fields, we occasionally saw the dark-colored caraboas, a kind of buffalo with huge horns and considerably larger than our cattle. They are mostly used for draft and field work and serve also for food. They like pools of water and once we saw a youngster standing on the back of one of these animals, as it sank to the neck into a muddy pool. The country through which we passed is a marshy plain, stretching to the western coast and is well adapted to the cultivation of rice. On the higher patches occurred also banana and cocoa plantations and some scattered localities were covered with trees. Little life could be noticed in the towns. At the stations the children crowded around the train to sell lemonade and other home-made drinks. The soldiers stationed at the towns, crowded around the lumbering train as it came to a halt and noisily greeted their comrades on the cars.

At about noon we reached San Fernando, one of the larger towns along the road. Here some of the officers and many of the soldiers left the

train to go to their stations inland. The heat was very oppressive and for a short time the canteen near the station did a lively business. One of the soldiers, who had served his term, had put up a canvas covering and was selling out drinks at 25 cents a glass. A couple of coolies in the rear of the shed were also kept busy in giving lunches. The atmosphere was hazy and sultry and the ground was parched with heat and drought. I do not think many Americans would fancy staying in this country a long time; for, if this was the temperature in February, what would it be in July or August?

The town of San Fernando lies somewhat to the right of the railroad. There were substantial buildings in the center of the town, such as the alcalde's residence and other houses for the former government officials. Now they are occupied by the American army officers. The rest of the town is composed of the airy bamboo huts and small shops. Conspicuous in the middle of the town were the ruins of a large church. It must have been a beautiful church, but now only the blackened walls were standing and the interior was a mass of ruins. During the call which we had made at the army headquarters in San Fernando, the captain and the surgeon had told us, that this church had been obstinately defended by

Aguinaldo and a band of Filipinos. Seeing, however, that he could not hold out much longer, Aguinaldo, before leaving, gathered 83 of the Chinese living in San Fernando and locked them in this church. Then having placed a cordon of soldiers around the building, he set fire to it and thus cremated the unfortunate Chinese alive. The Americans arrived too late to save either the building or the Chinese.

This story seemed to us highly colored, but we were told some remnants of the bones could easily be found in the ruins, though the greater part of the remains had been buried. This we found to be true, and my companion has some of the bones of the murdered Chinese in his possession to this day. A spacious plaza opens up in front of the ruins and several buildings formerly used for municipal and government purposes surround the plaza. There was no life in any of the streets, probably on account of the great heat at noonday. A Filipino secular priest resided on the other side of a creek, that intersects the town. Seeking for corroboration of the story about the Chinese, we called at his modest residence. It seems he likewise had retired for his siesta, for it was quite a while before he made his appearance in the upper room to which the attendants had conducted us. His house was airy enough, for it was built almost entirely of split

bamboo and consisted of two stories. Even the floors were made of the same material, the round sides of the bamboos being turned upward. They were worn quite smooth by the naked feet of the inmates and there was not much need of sweeping the floor, since the dust simply dropped below to the next story. The lower story of the house was almost entirely open. The priest wore a white muslin cassock. He seemed to have about a score of attendants, young and old, who swarmed around the premises. Upon inquiry, he readily corroborated the story about the burning of the Chinese, which we had heard at headquarters.

Again we boarded the train, which passed Fernando in the afternoon on its way from Dagupan to Manila. It was made up of a much battered set of cars, which originally had come from England and no doubt had previously done service there for many years. Outside they looked something like a smaller size of our cattle-cars, inside they were partitioned off into coupés by seats running transversely from side to side. There was no upholstery, some of the windows were battered in, doors slammed to and fro on single hinges, blinds only half hung to their fastenings and dirt and dust covered the seats and the floor. A good many of the soldiers were standing in the freight cars which made up the rest of the train.

A veteran frame of junkiron did service as a locomotive, wheezing out puffs of steam as it started and struggling laboriously along from station to station.

Before we got back to Manila a heavy tropical rain poured from the thick clouds. We had to change our position continually in order not to encounter the streams which poured through the injured roof of the cars. The rain was not refreshing, for it filled the atmosphere with dampness without in the least abating the sultry temperature. We were just wondering, how much longer it would take us to get to Manila, when there was a sudden crash, a dead stop and a jumbling of passengers, who were knocked off their seats and spilled out at the side doors. The throttle had refused to work and the locomotive ran hopelessly into a freight train ahead. Some of the soldiers were bleeding from the effects of the collision, though we ourselves had escaped unhurt. Like a veritable cripple, the old engine stood with his nose pushed into the rear end of a freight car. Fortunately the collision happened on the outskirts of Manila, so we simply performed the rest of our journey on foot. The portion of the city which we had to pass was swarming with natives who seemed to have gathered for a fair or bazaar, which was held under large wooden sheds.

Being fatigued, we had more sleep this night, though it was just as sultry. All the windows and slides were kept open, and as I awoke several times during the night a strange collection of sounds broke the stillness of the night. From the neighboring barracks, the creaking of old bedsteads as the soldiers turned on their sleepless couches; the tread of armed guards, or the low-spoken commands of the sergeants as the watches were changed; across the street, the hectic cough of an old woman in the last stage of consumption; in the yard beneath our window, the effusions of lovelorn tomcats in the moonlight, interrupted now and then by the rattling of beasts on their chains in the stables on the ground floor, or by the heartrending braying of a mule in the rear: all united in weird concert through the small hours of the night. The fatigue of the day, however, very often proved stronger than this nocturnal concert and would soon woo us again to sleep.

We had intended on the following morning to take a trip up the Pasig River on one of the passenger steamers, but when we arrived at the wharf after our breakfast, all the regular boats had left; our only chance now was to make the trip on one of the government supply tugs that pass up and down the river and ply on the series of lakes connected with it and of which it is the outlet. We

applied to the captain of the port and on showing the letter of Fr. McKinnon of yesterday, readily obtained permission to make the trip on board the tug "Diamond."

As there were two hours still to spare until the "Diamond" would be ready to depart, we put in the time strolling through the liveliest streets of Manila. Soldiers were everywhere in evidence, lounging in front of their barracks or drilling on the plazas. Filipinos, Malays and Chinese swarmed along the streets in the fresh morning sunlight. Passing an old bridge, which leads over a canal of the Pasig, we came upon a spacious plaza, at the farther end of which stands one of the oldest churches of new Manila. As we entered, a crowd of beggars surrounded us, who were made glad with a few pennies. Masses were still going on and quite a number of people were kneeling on the stone pavement, for there are no pews in these old churches.

The tug "Diamond" was in charge of Captain Campbell and manned by a Tagalo engineer and fireman, a cabin boy and about a dozen of soldiers. The boat was to bring a stock of provisions to different stations along the river and the lakes. After passing under the old bridge of Niños, the river banks presented picturesque scenes, characteristic of Manila. The freight is mostly carried by the

cascoes, large boats, that are propelled by poles. The coolies walk along a narrow platform on the outside of the gunwales to the head of the casco, and, having found bottom with their long poles, begin to push the boat forward by walking back, bracing themselves against the poles. Thus they themselves remain stationary, while the boat glides forward under their feet. When the boat has moved its whole length of fifty or sixty feet, the coolie pulls out his pole and returns to the head of the boat to begin the operation anew. On the rear end of the boat a roof of bamboo mats affords shelter to the inhabitants of the casco against sun and rain. A ridge pole also runs along the rest of the boat, over which mats are spread for the protection of the cargo.

We soon passed two more bridges, one of them built entirely of iron and donated to the city by the monks. In the outskirts of Manila, on the left river bank, the San Miquel brewery is situated. Connected with it are some fine villas and summer houses, showing that brewing is a paying business even at our antipodes. Now and then a boat party would meet us, who seemed bent on pleasure, for their boats were trimmed with flowers and the Filipino men and women were gaily dressed. Music with song and laughter resounded over the placid waters of the widening stream, that now was

bordered with green lawns and woodland. It must have been washing day, for in the sheltered nooks under the shady trees, women and girls with occasional men were busy washing piles of cotton or linens, for these materials are preferred by the natives for garments of all kinds. They wash their clothes by slapping them against a rock or post, now and then dipping them into the stream. The women had their dresses tucked up while standing up to their knees in water and in merry talk and laughter kept beating the different articles of wear over the jutting rocks. Others were on the lawn, spreading out the snow-white linen to dry in the sun.

About noon we came to the small town of San Pedro. Half of it was in ruins. The monastery and the church on the hill were so battered, that they are deserted and almost hidden by the tropical vegetation that had sprung up around them. The Tagalogs had made a very determined stand here and had set fire to the monastery before they were driven out. A little farther up the river a settlement, that had contained some large buildings, had been entirely burnt down; but so fast had it been covered with the tropical vegetation, that from the boat not a vestige of the ruins could be seen. Here most of the soldiers and some provisions were unloaded. The beef, which we had on

board, had been imported from Sydney, Australia, as there are hardly any cattle on the islands except the caraboas or native buffaloes. Even these are getting scarce, and besides, the Americans do not like the meat of the caraboas on account of its peculiar taste.

The current of the river now became quite swift as the Moriquino joins it from the left a half mile farther up. We rounded the Pasig to the north, where it widens out into the Laguna de Bay, shallow and grown with wild lettuce at first, but afterwards deepening and forming a series of lakes, surrounded by picturesque mountains. In the rainy season as much as 140 inches of rain falls and these lakes are then raised to a much higher level, flooding all the lowlands. At about three o'clock a large casco full of half-clad natives was paddling across the lake a few miles ahead. To judge by the hurry in which they tried to reach the left hand shore and the anxious glances they cast our way, they must have been on some nefarious errand. Putting on more steam our tug almost headed them off. But as we had only four soldiers on board we of course could not think of capturing 30 or 40 of the sinister looking Tagalogs. They could not use their poles as the lake was far too deep, but they nimbly plied their paddles, that looked like long-handled frying pans. No doubt they had weapons

BARN AT SANTA ANA, WHERE WAR BEGAN.
CHAPLAIN M'KINNON IN FOREGROUND

concealed in the bottom of their boat and were in communication with a band of insurgents in the mountains. The sinewy form of the helmsman at the stern was clearly outlined in the bright sunshine as we passed about fifty yards astern. Our captain shouted across the water "Muchos insurrectos," which made them use their paddles more nimbly than before. They evidently had expected an attack, but as that was not the errand of our little tug, they escaped with the scare we had given them. Probably if they had known how few persons we were, they might have turned the tables and attacked us instead.

The American Trading company had bought up nearly all the cascoes in the neighborhood of Manila and was doing a lively trade in buying up supplies from outlying settlements and bringing merchandise in return. We met many of their cascoes either going or coming from the different stations on these lakes. Two large ones our tug had taken in tow and our captain had good naturedly engaged to bring them to the foot of the towering mountains, which soon appeared beyond a headland at the southern sweep of the lake. Though the landing place did not seem far off, yet the extra work of towing the heavily laden cascoes and a stiff breeze in our face retarded our progress, so that the sun was already hovering over the western

horizon, when we were still many miles from the shore.

As the sun sank over the western mountains, we witnessed a most beautiful sunset. Streaks of clouds rose above the mountains through the mellow sky. Like heaps of molten gold they flashed back the sun's rays, then assuming a ruddier hue as the sun sank lower, tinged the mountains as with lurid fires. The intervening stretches of sky assumed a greenish golden hue in the west, while the cloud islands of the eastern heavens turned a darker and darker red in the azure firmament. Gradually the brilliant colors of the west subsided, and the queen of night began to assume her sway in the clear heavens.

As we neared the shore at the foot of the mountain, there was a parley between the managers of the cascoes and our captain, who seemed to be unwilling to tow the cascoes any farther. But the native boatmen were afraid of being turned loose so far from shore and finally prevailed on him to proceed somewhat farther; so, towing them within half a mile of the landing place, he left them to manage as best they might. Our tug, now freed from its drag, bounded over the waves in an opposite direction, around the headland, which we had passed during the afternoon, and at about ten o'clock at night we arrived opposite the town of

Morong, which lay about a mile away. The screw ceased its churning and the captain shouted across the water to some people shoreward, whom we could not see in the darkness. At last he received answer, and after a while a casco came up to take our four soldiers and the provisions ashore.

After about an hour, quiet reigned on our little craft which was anchored in shallow water. The captain offered us a place in the small cabin below, but we preferred to lie on the open deck under some canvas sheets, which had been used for covering the provisions. It was lucky, that the captain furnished us with a woolen blanket also, for it turned decidedly chilly during the night. The stiff canvas spread on the hard planks of the deck, did not furnish an over-luxurious resting place and the blanket was none too large for me and my companion to huddle under. Besides all this, my companion conscientiously furnished his usual installment of stertorous music, which continued more or less all night. He complained in the morning that I was a restless bedfellow, for I had waked him from sweet slumber innumerable times by my nervous jerks with my elbow or my foot. Whether I had done it consciously or unconsciously, was a question, which I managed to give a wide berth. Still these wakeful intermezzos were not of long duration; the silence of the night, the rippling of

the waves against the sides of the boat and the fatigue of the day soon lulled us to sleep again.

Early in the bright breezy morning our boat took aboard half a dozen soldiers and started on its return trip. The different lakes and inlets are enclosed by wooded hills and the sun sent its brilliant morning rays over the glittering water and romantic landscape. The soldiers told us, that two weeks ago the insurgents had made an attack on Morong and killed two of their comrades. But they seemed tired of being sent out in pursuit of bands in the hills ten or fifteen miles off and find not a trace of armed resistance on arriving. Sometimes in the night, fires were seen on the hill-tops, which were thought to be signals between different bands. But there was so little show of armed resistance in the greater part of Luzon, that most of the soldiers were anxious to be recalled for more active duty somewhere else. The soldiers gave witness to the morality of the native women: they will not listen to any solicitation, and any familiarity with them exposes the man to the risk of being considered and followed by the woman as her lawful husband afterwards.

Gregorio Guagliardo, the native engineer on board our tug tells me, that most of the Filipinos go to school and can read and write Spanish. Nor did we see anything in the appearance of the

Filipinos to make us doubt this. Of course in Manila there are thousands of coolies from China and from different countries of Oceanica, who are only half civilized and do the lower class of work. But it would be wrong to confound them with the Filipinos. Luzon and most of the other islands are long ago converted to the Christian religion. The only exception is the Sulu group, which is inhabited by Moriscos or Mahometans. Before returning to our hotel, I hired a banco, or native canoe, to make arrangement on the Palitana for our voyage so Singapore. I found the time of her departure suitable and the accommodations fairly good.

For the afternoon Rev. McKinnon had hired a carriage in which we were to take a drive around the city. Our first stop was at the church of St. Sebastian, on the right side of the river. It is built entirely of iron, the different parts of which were imported from Belgium. It is a large structure and not without architectural beauty. The two towers rise nearly two hundred feet into the air. Its great gothic windows are real works of art in colored glass. A half mile farther on we passed the palace of Montojo, the former Spanish governor, and a sumptuous residence of Hop Sin, a rich Chinaman. Here our way led across the iron bridge called Puente de Ayala and built for the

public by the religious orders. Near the bridge is a large cigar factory, employing several hundred men.

Across the river and in the outskirts of the city we visited several institutions, over which Fr. McKinnon had a sort of supervision and whose interests he advanced with the new government. At the orphan home of San Jose and the Escuela di Misericordia we saw some remarkably fine needle work and embroidery. The latter is an academy conducted by the sisters of charity and the chapel and other buildings, as well as the gardens around it, gave witness of the former prosperity of the institution. The insane asylum is also in charge of sisters. In its chapel we were shown the places where the bullets of the insurgents had pierced the walls during the fight in this surburb of Manila.

We were getting into the Paco district, where the fighting between the American soldiers and the Filipinos inaugurated the late war. On both sides of the road of Santa Ana, over which we were passing, many ruins were seen as witnesses of the war. At a distance from the road a solitary square block-house marked the spot where over two hundred were killed. While tending to the wounded in this field, Chaplain McKinnon was twice fired upon by the Filipinos, but he happily escaped with a slight wound in the head. Even

here the insurgents were finally dislodged and pursued step by step northward to Calucan, San Fernando and Dagupan, disputing every foot of the way.

Re-entering the city we drove along the smooth parkway lined with fine residences. On this avenue is also the old cemetery, surrounded by high walls. They do not bury the dead in Manila, but place the bodies in vaults, built into the walls; large enough to hold the coffin. The opening of the vault is sealed up with a stone flag. There are many of these vaulted walls, which intersect the grounds in symmetrical rows. The vaults are rented for the space of five years. If at the end of that time a new payment is made, the body is left undisturbed, for another period of time; otherwise the bones are taken out and thrown into the charnel yard, which is an open enclosure behind the chapel. Going up the steps to the top of the wall of this enclosure, we saw heaps of human bones bleaching in the sun. It is said that the American authorities are objecting to this practice for sanitary reasons. A number of the American officers, who met their death in the fight with the insurgents are buried in a beautiful plot of ground, forming part of this cemetery.

We crossed new Manila to enter the old town within the walls. This portion presents the scenes

of a typical old Spanish city: decaying palaces, convents, crumbling residences, narrow streets, cobblestone pavements. Our carriage rattled on in good style through the crooked streets to the old cathedral. This is a venerable structure, mostly in gothic style, though it has no real towers. It abounds in artistic carvings inside and out, covers a large area of ground and easily bears comparison with some of the old cathedrals of Europe. Vast marble pillars support the three naves of the ceiling. A magnificent high altar rears its marble turrets aloft in the transcept. In front of the cathedral extends a spacious plaza, part of which forms a small park. Facing this park to the right is the palazzo de Justizia, which was then occupied by General Otis and his staff as military governor.

Father McKinnon had the kindness to procure us an invitation for a formal visit to the governor. We accordingly passed up the marble stairs to the general's apartments. The sumptuous halls and corridors and the richly decorated apartments of this palace, show that the former lords of the islands knew how to surround themselves with the same pomp as is customary in their mother country. General Otis asked me, whether I would not like to stay in the islands, as there would be plenty of work for Catholic priests. I was not in a

ST. SEBASTIAN, STEEL CHURCH IN MANILA

position, of course, to give a definite answer to the proposition. I was told, that General Otis believed in a policy of conciliation as most effectual in bringing the Filipinos to subjection. Not far from the plaza de Justizia is the residence of the Dominican archbishop of Manila, Nozaleda, whom we also visited. This prelate seems a very mild-mannered gentleman and is filled with the earnest desire of settling the difficulties of the monks, which their peculiar position on the islands has brought about. He likewise invited me to remain and gave me all the faculties of the diocese during my stay here. As it was already getting dark, we drove back from here to our hotel, passing the Luneta.

According to a previous arrangement we betook ourselves on the next morning to the residence of the apostolic delegate, Msr. Chappelle. We were received by the private secretary, Steinmanns, and conducted upstairs to his Excellency. He had been apprised of our presence in Manila by Rev. B. and V. H., who had visited him some days before.

In regard to the late war with Spain, he was of opinion that the war was rather unfairly forced upon Spain, and he had maintained that standpoint also in presence of those that had been influential in hastening on the war. Nevertheless he thought that now, since the war was ended, the United

States could not give up the islands either to Spain or to the insurgents. When he was consulted by the members of the peace commission in Paris, as to what he thought the fairest course to pursue in regard to the Philippines, he gave it as his opinion, that the United States should not keep the islands as spoils of war, but should buy them.

The interests of the Catholic church demanded without doubt, that the islands be saved from the hands of the insurgents. The leaders of that movement were enemies of the priesthood and of the Catholic church, who would simply use their power to confiscate all church property and inaugurate a reign of terror. In this apprehension Msr. Chappelle was entirely justified, as is proved by the devastation of churches, of which the insurgents were guilty during the war and which I had seen in so many places. There were other reasons for favoring the retention of the Philippines by the United States, at least for the present. The Chinese empire would no doubt play an important part in the history of the next few decades of years. England, Russia, Germany, Japan, France, were lying in wait for the spoils of that country. If the United States were in possession of the Philippines, so close to China, American interests could be safeguarded much more effectually. Why not keep that advantage for the present? General Otis had

shown himself very well disposed toward the mission of the archbishop. The Filipinos are a docile people, and as regards the difficulties concerning the religious orders, his Excellency had hopes of a satisfactory settlement.

The Americans have infused new life into Manila, as was acknowledged not only by the old residents, but was easily to be noticed everywhere on the streets. The general feeling in Manila is, that the American occupation of the Philippines will be beneficial. The sale of beer and liquor evidently takes the lead in the business boom, but other branches have their share. Fortunes have been made by enterprising individuals, especially Americans, by the sale of a single kind of commodity. Of course a good deal of this boom is due to the American soldiers, who spend their money very freely.

I made it a point during my stay in Manila and my excursions in the country to get as near as possible to the truth of the accusations of church looting by the American soldiers. I found very little to confirm it and became quite convinced, that nearly all the looting that was done, was perpetrated by the insurgents. First of all the fact that the heads of the insurgents were mostly fallen-away Catholics and members of secret societies, favors presumption against them. Then

is it not probable, that those who almost invariably set fire to churches before leaving, would not hesitate to take out of them whatever seemed valuable and portable? Only a few days ago the trunk of Aguinaldo was found in one of the northern towns. It contained a large number of precious articles looted from different churches. When the Americans entered a place, previously held by the insurgents, they would find the sacred vestments and other articles, that were of no value, scattered about in the sacristy or sanctuary, whereas the more precious vessels were generally missing. All this must be no doubt sufficient evidence to create at least a presumption against the infidel bands, that claimed to be fighting for the freedom of the country.

I made a number of inquiries among the soldiers and officers, whom I met during my stay. From their uniform testimony it appears, that all reasonable precautions were taken by the authorities, to prevent the looting of Catholic churches. Captain Godfrey of the 22nd artillery and Lieutenant Baldwin of the 32nd, told me on the train to Fernando, that the first care of the officers in charge on entering a town, was always to place a guard at the church doors, who would be made responsible for any looting. The soldiers, though sometimes hard pressed, were not allowed to camp in or

around churches. A strict order had been passed in San Fernando, that any sacred vessels in the possession of any of the natives or of any other person, should be seized and brought to headquarters to be turned over to the nearest priest.

In a conversation with Sergeant F. J. McCarthy of Chicago, whom I met at San Miquel, he told me that, probably, in the first weeks of the conflict some of the soldiers from the Pacific states might have taken sacred articles in a few instances. But strict orders were immediately issued, prohibiting such acts. He himself in one instance knocked down one of his comrades, a renegade Catholic, with the butt of his gun as he attempted to appropriate some valuables from the altar in a church. For this act he was not only highly commended, but promoted shortly afterwards, whereas the looter was severely punished. In another place, where the Americans had finally dislodged the insurgents from a church, they found it pillaged and denuded of all valuables. During the night one of the American soldiers took a fancy to a painting of the Madonna in the walls and he cut out a portion of the painting. A strict search resulted in the conviction of the guilty one. He was sentenced to one year's imprisonment and a fine of one hundred dollars.

Besides all this, I think a great deal of the noise

was made about the amount of loot in the hands of improper persons. Of course, I am aware that the amount in such a thing is immaterial, since even the smallest articles stolen from sacred places constitutes a crime not to be tolerated in the eyes of a Catholic. It will always be a sacrilege, even if committed only once. But if the looting of churches was carried on to such an extent as was asserted, certainly many of the sacred articles should have been found especially in Manila. For the soldiers would naturally try and get rid of the burden as soon as possible and sell it to the numerous Chinese shops in Manila. Such however was not the case, as I spent a whole forenoon trying to find church loot in the second-hand stores and other shops without finding even a trace.

In my walks around Manila the people did not as a rule recognize me as a priest, though I wore a Roman collar. The priests on the islands wear the full tonsure and are dressed in their cassocks, even when going out, but they do not wear Roman collars. I had to assure the natives, with whom I had any intercourse, that I was a Roman Catholic priest. Some of them had already been approached by the ubiquitous Protestant ministers, who had represented themselves as identical with the Roman Catholic priests. They called themselves ministers of the "true Catholic church" in

order to impose on the simplicity of the Filipinos, who of course do not know anything of the warring of the sects in other countries.

For the afternoon Fr. McKinnon had made an appointment for us at the Jesuit college within the old walls, but we had misunderstood him to refer to the Jesuit college in the new town, not so very far from our hotel, where also the renowned observatory of Manila is located. Thither we directed our cuchero to take us and we waited, in vain of course, for the appearance of the army chaplain. Father Doyle, one of the Jesuits, finally started out to show us the different buildings, without waiting any longer for Rev. McKinnon. The observatory occupies a building apart from the college and ranks among the best equipped in the world. It has telephone and cable connections with foreign countries, which pay a stipulated price for information of important changes of the weather, especially such as have bearing on navigation. Through all the stories in the center of the building a solid column of masonry rises from the ground. To this are attached the instruments of observation in the different apartments. Especially remarkable were the several instruments for observing the seismic disturbances, the approach of storms and typhoons on the seas, the fall of rain, the changes of the weather and the

velocity and direction of the winds. There is a continual trembling of the earth on the island, a fact which we could easily verify by a glance at the instruments attached to the pillar.

For many years the records of the more notable seismic disturbances were preserved on charts as they had been traced by the faithful instruments. They looked like outline drawings of icebergs. In a separate portion of the observatory, under its great movable cupola, were mounted the great telescopes for astronomic observations. The system of swivels and cogwheels, by which the instruments are brought into position, is of the latest and most improved make. There was also a reminder of the late skirmishes in the shape of a bullet, which had pierced the thick brick wall in the tower, knocked off some of the plaster on the inside and now peered insidiously from the wall in which it was still imbedded. From the roof we had a fine view of the Paco district, where the insurgents began to fire on the Americans. While passing through the extensive gardens, we were charmed by the sweet clear voices of some 150 boys, who were just then having their singing lesson in the college. Coming back to our hotel we settled our hotel bills, which we found quite reasonable, and got ourselves ready for departure on the morrow. I had bought a very light gray suit, as the Chicago

clothes were altogether unfit for wear in the tropical climate.

In the morning Father McKinnon had the kindness to see us off and he told the cuchero to drive through the old town instead of the nearer way over the Luneta. If the Spaniards had any spirit in them, they could have easily held Manila against the Americans by intrenching themselves behind the strong wall of the old town. But it seems the land force was in no better condition or spirit for a fight than the sea forces. Near the Escolta we bade farewell to Father McKinnon, who had shown us many favors during our stay. We had some delay before the departure of the lighter for the Palitana, and therefore I applied at the custom house for the pistol, which I had left there on landing. But it required some sharp words and a threat of making complaint at headquarters, in order to bestir the snobbish officials to procure it. The tug consumed nearly an hour in clearing the tangle of cascoes and other shipping on its way out to the Palitana.

It may not be amiss to give a short description of the Philippines, since they now form part of our dominions. About 1200 islands belong to the Philippine group, of which however only some 400 are permanently inhabited. The total area is about 115,000 square miles, 112,000 of which are

contained in the eleven larger islands, Luzon containing over 41,000 and Mindanao over 33,300. The balance of the area is included in the islands of Samar, Panay, Mindoro, Leyte, Negros, Cebu, Boho, Palawan, Masbate, Catanduanes and the rest of the numerous islands. Luzon contains most of the inhabitants, nearly 5,000,000; Panay is next, with over 1,200,000. The group ranges down from within two hundred miles of Formosa 19 degrees N. L., to the neighborhood of Borneo, 5 degrees N. L., about a distance of 1350 miles in a southwesterly direction. The original inhabitants seem to have been Negritos, but they have almost disappeared before the invading Malay races, the principal of which are the Tagals and the Bisayans. Immigration from China and the neighboring countries, and also from Spain, gave rise however to a numerous mixed population, especially in the seacoast towns. There are not over 500,000 Spaniards on the islands. The islands are practically a Catholic country and the monks have the credit of having converted them to the Christian faith. The Philippines were first discovered by Magelhaens and on Matan, one of these islands, he met his death in 1521. In 1564 Philip II sent a fleet from South America and subjected the islands to Spanish rule. The Dutch and the English later on attempted to gain possession without success,

The Philippines were ruled by a captain-general, sent over from the home country. Each province and larger island had its lieutenant-governor, who were subject to the captain-general in important matters. The provinces were divided into townships, which elected a deputy governor, who acted as mayor, judge and magistrate for the township. It seems the monks have mixed up a good deal in civil affairs and held offices in some places, where there was no longer any excuse. Thus it is quite natural, that they should get into trouble. In the last few decades several insurrections against Spanish rule occurred, the last one in 1896, headed by Aguinaldo. The measures taken to suppress it proved ineffectual. When Dewey swooped down from Hong Kong and destroyed the Spanish fleet, Manila and the islands passed into the hands of the Americans. However, the United States paid $20,000,000 for "improvements" to Spain, not wishing to retain the islands merely as a conquest. This was done principally on the advice of Msgr. Chappelle.

The insurgents at the time of the occupation of Manila united with the Americans, but soon afterwards wantonly attacked the American soldiers. There was no other course for the Americans than to put down the insurgents with a strong hand and the Filipinos are a great deal themselves to

blame for having spoiled their chances of independent government. Aguinaldo and the other leaders of the insurrection have proved themselves to be a set of ambitious and faithless adventurers and no doubt would have brought about a worse state of affairs on the islands, than ever would be possible under Spanish rule. I do not see how Catholics can waste any sympathy on such renegades to their faith as Aguinaldo. If such people would ever have attained to power in the Philippines, there would have been slim chances for the Catholic church. It is better to have Protestant preachers invading the islands and do what they can by persuasion, restrained by the laws of U. S., than to put the supreme power of government into an irresponsible and infidel band of renegade insurgents.

On board the Palitana we found an assembly of people hailing from many countries: Germans, Poles, Russians, Scotch, English, Americans, occupying first and second cabin, mostly Filipinos in the third class, and a swarming crowd of Chinese, and Malays in fourth class. We had not been on board an hour, when a fierce and angry clamor arose on the deck on which the latter were huddled together. Already blood was flowing and immediately the several hundreds of the Malays and Chinese formed into factions and murderous

hatred shone from their eyes. Several times during this voyage the fierce brawl was renewed and could be quelled only with the utmost difficulty by the officers of the ship. There is a bitter hatred everywhere in the Orient against the Chinese, especially against the traders and the coolies, and fierce brawls must be expected, wherever they are brought in close contact with Malays and where there is a sprinkling of the proud Mahometans.

There were a number of sea captains in second cabin, who had just sold their coasting vessels to the American Trading company. The Palitana was surrounded by a score of lighters until late in the afternoon to finish her cargo, although she was advertised to leave at one o'clock. But finally the word was given, the soldiers, who were sent as a guard on board of every vessel during its stay in the harbor, descended to their launch, our anchor was weighed and the huge black hull of the steamer moved onward to the entrance of the bay at Corregidor. Before the sun had set, the steeples of Manila had vanished from our view.

Practical Hints.—For Americans it would not do of course, to miss a visit to the Philippines, if they are in the neighborhood of China or Japan. There are several lines of steamships from Hong Kong running twice a week and the British India boats run between Singapore and Manila. It is good

to provide light clothing, for the Philippines are far within the tropics. It seems the route from Hong Kong to Manila is more subject to stormy weather, than that from Singapore to the same town, for the former passes through a noted breeding place of storms and typhoons. In accordance with this, our passage from Hong Kong was accompanied by very foul weather, whereas the passage from Manila to Singapore was over a most tranquil sea with the finest kind of weather. Besides, if one intends to visit both Singapore and Hong Kong, as is generally the case, the best plan is not to take a return ticket to either of these places, but simply to make the detour to Manila on the route between the two. It will save time and needless return trips over the sea. Of course the most necessary and at the same time the most difficult thing to do on this trip is to "keep cool."

THE DELIGHT OF THE UNIVERSE

(Suggested by "Ciudad de Dios")

THE INVOCATION

Omnipotent, All-knowing, Uncompassed,
Inscrutable, Immense, Majestic, Vast
Eternal Essence, God, Creator! Hear
The prayer poured forth in lowly, awestruck fear,
By vilest dust of earth, by groveling worm,
That mutely rears from filth of sin its form
In dim presentiment of things divine
Which through life's gloom obscurely shine.
O show me Her, the beauteous Sovereign,
O'er all creation set as highest Queen;
Thy fairest Daughter; free from Adam's curse;
The crowning grace of all the Universe;
Who, God-o'ershadowed, free from touch of man,
Yet bore The Man, in whom our weal began.

My soul! Desist! How canst thou wing thy flight
In mortal coil, to such aspiring height?
In mortal coil? Yes, coil of flesh and bone,
(Though not like Hers, unstained,) from Adam grown.
From Adam?—From him, who was the fountain-spring

Of all our race on earth?—Then let me sing,
Of Her, Delight of all the Universe,
Since She, untainted, sprang from self-same source!

SUPPLICATION

Sovereign Lady, on suppliant knee
Look on thy slave seeking guerdon of Thee
Let but a ray of thy Wisdom illume
My spirit, that lingers in darkness and gloom.
The light of God's truth, piercing heaven and hell,
But faintly can gleam in what syllables spell.
Teach me, how God, the Creator of all,
Thee held intact from Adam's first fall
Clothed Thee in splendor, Creation's high Queen,
Set Thee as loadstar of all his vast reign.

ADMONITION

Sweet Reader! now, for heavenly things
  Compose thy gentle soul,
While we God's veilèd mysteries
  Now tremblingly unroll.

To prophet, seer and mystic saint
  Is given heavenly light:
We also shall God's guidance feel
  In seeking truth and right.

Forbear if staggers human tongue
At boundless mysteries;
For words can only stammer forth
That which the spirit sees.

ETERNITY

Before all times, when the Divinity,
Yet motionless, had not embodied forth
Successive acts in number, time and space,
But rested, though progenitive in love,
In one enduring act, effect and cause,
All One; where the Producer was Produced
In triune love by the Essential Act;
Because the Act itself was Essence, and
The Essence, Act, which shall forever be
Unfathomed by angelic or the human mind:—

Ere yet the Eternal shadowed forth
Eternal Ages by creating time,
Past, present or the future: then, O Word,
Wast Thou, and Thou wast God, the Father's Word,
And with Him breathing forth the Holy Ghost,
Triune, distinct, yet consubstantial,
One God the Three, and Thou the Son of God.
Of Thee the loved Disciple, wrapt in God,
Hath said: "In the beginning was the Word:

The Word was God." "All things were made
through Him,"
"Who was made flesh and dwelt among us men"
With glory crowned and full of grace and truth.
In the beginning Thou?—Then unbegun,
Unbound by time, eternal, fore all else.
Existence pure, whence all beginning flows.

FISCAR MARISON

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